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STARS AND FLOWERS.

BY E. S.

Sweet Heaven! I do love a maiden,
Radiant, rare, and beauty-laden:
When she's near me, Heaven is round me.
Her dear presence doth so bound me,
I could wring my heart of gladness,
Might it free her lot of sadness!
Give the world, and all that's in it,
Just to press her hand a minute!
Yet she weeteth not I love her:
Never dare I tell the sweet
Tale, but to the stars above her,
And the flowers that kiss her feet.

Oh! to live and linger near her,
And in tearful moments cheer her,
I could be a bird, to lighten
Her dear heart—her sweet eyes brighten;
Or in fragrance, like a blossom,
Give my life up on her bosom!
For my love's withouten measure—
All its pangs are sweetest pleasure;
Yet she weeteth not I love her;
Never dare I tell the sweet
Tale, but to the stars above her,
And the flowers that kiss her feet.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"MY husband will not help me," Sidney answered, weeping. "He believes him guilty; besides, was he—Frank—not my lover once?" she added passionately. "Can you expect my husband to help him?"

"Ah, true!" he answered gravely. "I had forgotten."

"Think what his life has been!" she continued eagerly, seeing that her words had touched him. "He is innocent, and he suffers as if he were guilty. He has no friends—he whom every one liked once, for whom every one had a kindly word. His father is wealthy, and he has been starving; his sister is fading away, dying from a broken heart at his misery; and he has not a friend—not a friend but me, a poor helpless woman, baffled at every turn. Oh, do help us, do help us! You are so clever; you can prove his innocence; and we shall be grateful, so thankful!"

Her hand was on his arm, the little trembling jewelled hand, and the beautiful impassioned face was raised to his in earnest entreaty.

The keen stern face softened as he gently made her sit down.

"I will help you if I can," he said; and, used as he was to scenes of distress and suffering, he felt his lip quiver as he heard her passionate, almost incoherent thanks.

"Thank me when I have proved your friend's innocence," he said. "If he is innocent, I will show his innocence to the world, Mrs. Daunt; do not fear. And now to business," he added, changing his tone to one of coolness. "How much of your time can you spare me now?"

She glanced at the clock; it was only five, and the dressing-bell would not ring before seven; but she did not want her absence from the drawing-room to be noticed.

She was beginning to dread the young barrister's keen inquiring glances, and she almost wished that his visit would come to a close.

"Will an hour be sufficient?" she said timidly. "I dare not remain with you longer, lest my husband should suspect."

"Mr. Daunt is in the house then?"

"Oh, yes! But he is laid up from an accident in the hunting-field. We are safe from interruption."

"I wonder you were not afraid to receive me here?" he said, looking at her in some surprise.

"It was not very prudent; but I could not wait to be prudent," she answered faintly. "And I am my own mistress to a great extent. But I am afraid of incurring my husband's displeasure and arousing his suspicions: he has a firm belief in Mr. Greville's guilt. Will an hour suffice, Mr. Hopgood?"

"Half that time will be sufficient; and that space will not be longer than an interview with your dressmaker or tailor," he answered—"and I believe ladies have tailors now. I need not trouble you with many questions," he added glancing at his note-book. "I can easily obtain the newspaper accounts of the murder and inquest; but, as you were intimately acquainted with the parties, I may glean some information which may be useful. You will tell me all the truth," he added seriously, "and anything I do not ask you, but which you think it would be advisable for me to know. Pray do not hesitate. You need not look frightened," he continued, with a reassuring smile; "you are speaking in confidence, and I will not make use of any information you give against your friend."

"Thank you," Sidney said timidly.

"The first question I wish to ask you is this, Mrs. Daunt. On what terms were you with Mrs. Rutledge?"

"I knew her but slightly."

"Before her marriage or after?"

"Both before and after."

"Was she a resident at Ashford, then, before her marriage?"

"She lived at Lambswold."

"At Lambswold?" he repeated inquiringly. "Is that in this neighborhood?"

"It is Mr. Daunt's residence. She was governess to his daughter."

"To your husband's daughter?"

"No," Sidney answered, with a faint smile at the thought—"to his sister."

"Ah, to his sister! She was a very beautiful person, I believe?"

"Yes, wonderfully beautiful."

"She was likely to have many admirers I suppose?"

"Yes," Sidney answered slowly.

"Mr. Greville and Mr. Rutledge included?"

"Yes," was the faint reply from the pale parched lips.

Sidney was beginning to dread the questions of the detective who sat opposite to her so keen-eyed and impassive.

"And others, I dare say. Mr. Greville's attentions could not have been very marked however, since you tell me that he was engaged to you."

The color rose slowly in the lovely anxious face.

Remembering his earnest injunction to tell him the truth, she hesitated for a moment, then said bravely—

"We were not engaged until Miss Neil was engaged to Mr. Rutledge."

"Ah!"

The monosyllable was full of meaning, for the questioner was keen enough to read on Sidney's face that there was something more to hear.

"Mr. Rutledge was a wealthy man?"

"Yes, very wealthy."

"And the young lady prefered wealth. All this seems no doubt very trivial to you, Mrs. Daunt; but we are accustomed to the fact that trifles are most important. How soon after did you become engaged to Mr. Greville?"

"Immediately," murmured Sidney.

"And you accepted Mr. Greville, knowing that his heart belonged to Miss Neil?"

"He was very unhappy."

"And you as an old friend, wished to console him?" he said, the tone in which he spoke taking the sting from his words.

"It was not that exactly," she then murmured.

"Will you tell me how it was then?"

"Mr. Greville was very hurt and angry, and threatened to be revenged on Miss Neil or—on her—lover, and, when I tried to console him, he said, if I would accept him, he would forego his revenge."

"His revenge on Mr. Rutledge?"

"No," Sidney answered low.

"On Miss Neil?"

"No"—in a lower voice. Then, looking up suddenly, she went on, "There was some mistake," she said bravely. "I did not understand that Miss Neil was engaged to Mr. Rutledge; I thought it was to some one else."

"To whom?"

The question was asked very quietly, without the slightest eagerness; but his calm exterior veiled strong excitement—her answer meant so much to the keen detective.

"To Mr. Stephen Daunt."

"Any relative of your husband's?"

"My husband," she said faintly.

"Was he then among the lady's admirers?"

"Yes, he admired her. Who could do otherwise? She was most beautiful," the girl said, with a sudden ring of pain in her voice.

"Ah, just so! But still the lady's desire for wealth was great enough to be the principal motive of her actions, and she preferred Mr. Rutledge's wealth. I suppose it was greater that that of either of her other suitors?"

"I suppose so, then—that is unless Mr. Daunt had given consent to an engagement between Miss Neil and his son."

"Did Mr. Stephen Daunt seem to feel Mr. Rutledge's success as much as Mr. Greville?"

Sidney half rose in her passionate, almost unbearable pain.

It seemed to render her heart to speak of that time, so full of misery and unrest, to recall her own anguish, her foolish mistake her passionate useless rebellion against the trouble which had fallen upon her.

More than once during the last few minutes she had reproached herself bitterly for ever having undertaken such a herculean task, but the recollection of Frank's misery, so much greater than anything she could conceive, she thought, gave her patience to endure.

"I do not know," she said, struggling desperately for calmness. "Mr. Stephen Daunt went away almost immediately after the engagement was announced, and remained abroad for some weeks."

"And, on his return, did he seem much as usual?"

Sidney hesitated, remembering the added gravity and gentleness of Stephen's manner and the look on his face which seemed to say that he had seen trouble.

"He was quieter," she answered in a low voice.

"Did he visit at Rutledge Hall?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Frequently?"

"I—I think so."

There was a little silence then.

Sidney's visitor was bending over his note-book, glancing through it carelessly enough.

Sidney sat trembling very much, and dreading what he was going to say next; and so intense was her relief when he rose to go that she almost broke down in sobs.

"I need not trouble you any more," he said calmly. "I will bid you good evening Mrs. Daunt. You will hear from me shortly. No, don't ring; I can find my own way out."

Sidney felt as if a heavy load had been suddenly lifted from her heart as the door closed after him, and she drew a long sobbing breath of relief.

For a few moments she stood still, then turned and moved towards the door.

As she passed into the hall, Lloyd Milner was standing there, looking grave and thoughtful, his face turned towards the hall door with a look of puzzled bewilderment.

Sidney's heart seemed to stand still with fear in the terrible dread which struck her.

Had he seen—had he recognized her visitor?

He turned to her as she came across the hall towards him.

"I am wondering where I have seen the man who has just gone out of the house," he said carelessly. "Is he a visitor of yours, Mrs. Daunt? His face seems so very familiar."

"Does it? He is my tailor," Sidney answered, with a perfect calm born of her great extremity.

"Your tailor! Indeed! Of course ladies have tailors nowadays. Then I suppose there is a chance likeness, for it is not by any means with a thimble and a goose that I associate him."

* * * * * * *

For some days after the interview with the detective Sidney Daunt lived in a pitiable state of excitement and restless uncertainty and suspense, which was likely to tell greatly upon her health, but which she struggled hard to conceal under an appearance of gaiety, which more than once was on the verge of becoming hysterical.

She was wretchedly unstrung and excited far fuller of fear than of hope regarding the result of Hopgood's inquiries, and full of a vague terror as to her own share in the instituting them.

The poor girl was so utterly alone in her sorrow that it was no wonder her anguish was doubly increased thereby.

There was no one to whom she could go for advice or assistance no one in whom she dared confide.

More than once she thought of telling Christine Greville of Frank's nocturnal visits, and of her endeavors in his behalf; but she repudiated the notion as imprudent for the poor girl was in wretched health, drooping daily like an unwatered flower in the anguish and uncertainty respecting her brother's fate, and Sidney feared that she would, by her agitation and distress, betray that something had been heard and seen of the unfortunate accused.

And yet, on that rainy October day on which Stephen Daunt had been thrown from his horse and his wife had driven to meet Frank Greville at Lymouth, the latter had asked Sidney so piteously if there was the least hope of his seeing his sister that she had been sorely inclined to risk the danger.

That interview with her old friend and former fiance had been far more painful than the first one.

Gray as the day was, she was enabled to see by its light much of the terrible change in the unfortunate young man which had escaped her in the moonlit summer-house, and it seemed to Sidney that her heart would never cease aching with a dull ceaseless pain which it was impossible to forget even for a moment; and she had vowed to herself then that she would leave no stone unturned until his innocence was proved.

He had not urged this upon her in the second interview as he had done in the first.

One or two disjointed sentences had escaped his lips; but he had uttered entreaties that she should endeavor to have the murder sifted, although he had seemed even more downcast and dispirited and despairing.

Mingled with the despondency was a strange resignation foreign to his nature, which Sidney could not understand; and she found herself more than once in the act of recalling enigmatical sentences that he

had spoken which she did not clearly understand, but which seemed to say that if his innocence was proved it could be only at some terrible cost to her.

She had heard nothing further from the detective.

Night and morning however, as the post-hours drew near, her heart beat wildly, and she turned sick and faint with anxiety and suspense and dread.

Sometimes she feared that her senses would fail, that her brain would give way in her terror and anxiety, that she would fall ill, and in her delirium betray the truth to Stephen and those around her.

Sometimes she thought that she could bear it no longer, that it would kill her, that she must give way under it, and let herself drift to that world where she might find peace.

But at such times as these the thought of Frank's loneliness and helplessness animated her courage, and she struggled against her despair and took up her weapons to fight the battle of life—her weapons of smiles and gay chatter, with which she managed successfully enough to deceive Dolly, and partly to deceive Stephen, but not in any way to deceive the keen-eyed lawyer, whose gray eyes, kindly and almost compassionate as they were sometimes, Sidney was beginning to dread and shrink from, as if they had the power of reading her very soul.

But even this arsenal of hers could not conceal the change in her appearance which could not fail to ensue from such intense, ceaseless, if suppressed, excitement—the violet shadows so deep and dark under the sweet eyes which had such a feverish lustre such a restless light, the hollows in the pale cheeks, the pathetic droop of the sweet mouth which was so infinitely touching and sorrowful.

And Stephen Daunt, noticing all this, felt sad and heavy-hearted for the woman for whom he would have laid down his life, but to whom he was unable to give happiness.

He himself was about again.

The wound on his head was completely healed, although it had left a scar on his broad white brow and an occasional headache was its consequence, and his arm was progressing in the most satisfactory manner.

Lloyd Milner's visit was drawing to a close; and, while his host was most unwilling to agree to his departure and Dolly's pretty blue eyes grew wistful and sorrowful at the thought of it, Sidney felt a most inexplicable relief, for which she chided herself in vain.

If he were gone, and Dolly were to return to Lambswold, she would be more free.

She would, during Stephen's long absences every day at the mills, to which he gave daily more of his time and attention, have time to collect her thoughts and leisure for the relief of tears she dared not indulge in now, however much her eyes might ache and her temples throb.

And, oh, how glad she would be to escape the scrutiny of those keen gray eyes which haunted her even in her sleep and made her wake up sometimes in an agony of terror, her brow damp with perspiration, her hands burning with fever!

It was no wonder then that she avoided their gaze one morning as she addressed her husband with studied calmness across the breakfast-table, wondering if, as she spoke, the intense nervousness under which she was laboring would be noticed.

"Stephen," she said, "have you any objection to my inviting Miss Greville to stay with us for a few days?"

"Objection, Sidney?" he returned. "No, indeed! Why should I have?"

"Many of her old friends have shunned her since she has been in trouble," said Sidney unsteadily.

"And did you think I was mean enough to do so?" he replied, with a *soupçon* of indignation.

The color rose slightly in her face. She believed in Stephen's justice and kindness in all things but in this one—his belief in Frank Greville's guilt.

"Is Christine well enough to leave home?" Dolly asked. "I thought she was very ill."

"She is very ill," Sidney answered impetuously—"dying, I fear; but the change might do her good."

"What is her illness?" Lloyd asked, glancing over at Dolly, as she sat opposite to him in her dainty morning-dress of pale blue cashmere and velvet.

"A very common one," said Sidney, suddenly looking across at him with unhappy defiant eyes, "although some medical men will tell you that it is a myth—a broken heart."

"If medical men call it a myth, we in our profession are often forced to acknowledge its existence," the young barrister said, with some feeling in his tone. "Has this young lady seen much trouble then?"

"Yes, very terrible trouble," Sidney answered briefly.

"Some disappointment, I suppose?" he suggested.

"Does your professional experience tell you that a girl's trouble must of necessity be connected with love?" Sidney asked, with a little bitter laugh.

"No, certainly not," he rejoined, with a slight smile. "But it is a natural association, I suppose. What is this particular trouble?"

"I will tell you," Sidney answered, almost with passion. "She had one brother—one whom she loved as dearly as, ay, ten times more dearly than many women love their lovers—and he was unjustly accused of murder, and sent forth into the world a poor miserable outcast, hunted and persecuted!"

"Were no efforts made to prove his innocence? How did he escape punishment?"

"By flight," Stephen said, breaking in suddenly, and speaking with unusual bitterness, as he thought how the memory of this man stood between him and his wife and held them asunder so cruelly. "Even before the Coroner's jury had given their verdict he had disappeared; and since then he has successfully eluded pursuit. I think there was no one in Ashford who did not sympathize cordially with his unhappy father and his sister; but——"

"They could spare no sympathy for a man unjustly accused and sent out into the world, like Cain, with the brand of murderer; but, unlike Cain, who was guilty, he was innocent," Sidney concluded bitterly.

"I think I remember the case," Lloyd Milner said hurriedly, recalling the Ashford murder, and regretting his questions. "It was a very painful one. Well, Miss Dolly," he added abruptly, to change the subject, "is that momentous question of costume decided yet?"

"My costume for mamma's fancy-ball on the first?" Dolly said nervously. "Well, I am not sure. I am to have some more engravings by this evening's post; and perhaps, if you have nothing better to do this morning, you will help me to look over those I have."

"With much pleasure."

Stephen went away that morning—for the first time since his marriage—with his customary farewell to his wife; and Sidney went up to her rooms too much absorbed in her own thoughts to note the omission.

Dolly followed her up-stairs, making some trifling remarks about the ball, and, while the girl went to her room to get the pictures as to which she had asked Lloyd's advice, Sidney went to her boudoir where she was secure from observation.

Having locked the door, she sat down before her pretty writing-table and put her hand into the pocket of her cashmere morning-gown, to feel for a note which that morning's post had brought her.

The next moment she had risen, grasping the table for support and trembling in every limb—the note was not there!

For the space of a minute Sidney stood spell-bound, unable to move in her agony of terror.

Then recovering herself by a great effort, she flew, rather than ran, down-stairs to the dining-room.

Her husband's friend was there alone, standing in deep thought by the table.

"I have lost something," she said, too unnerved to conceal her agitation—"A letter. I must have dropped it. Not a letter—a note."

She was bending down hurriedly, looking under the table, and she did not see the curious look that he gave her.

"Is this it, Mrs. Daunt?" he said quickly. "It can hardly be called even a note."

She stood up eagerly, glancing at the slip of paper that he held.

"Yes, yes, that is it," she panted, snatching it from him with an eagerness strangely at variance with her usual languid, calm manner. "Thank you, thank you."

She was about to leave the room, when his voice arrested her steps.

"Mrs. Daunt!"

"What is it?" she said, standing in the middle of the room, her hands holding tightly the slip of paper she had taken from him.

"I think it right to tell you that I have read what is written there," he said gravely. "I did so unintentionally in lifting the paper from the floor, where I suppose you dropped it."

Her hands sank helplessly by her sides, her whole form seemed to shrink and collapse, and a terrible look crossed her ghastly face.

Twice her pale lips moved, as if she were about to speak; but no words came, and they stood looking at each other in an awful silence which he would not and she could not break.

CHAPTER XII.

"YOU have read it."

The words came slowly and as it were unwillingly from Sidney's pale dry lips; and, if Lloyd Milner had not seen them move, and had not known that there was no one else in the room, he would not have believed that she had spoken, so harsh and changed, so unnatural did the husky strained tones sound as the words fell upon the stillness.

"Yes, I have read it," he answered, in a low tone, feeling pained and grieved at the humiliation her tone and manner expressed as she stood trembling in every limb. Every shade of color had faded from her face, even her lips were white; and, but for the passionate burning eyes, it might have been the face of a dead woman, so colorless and immobile was it.

"And—and," she said breathlessly; but her voice failed her, the words died away on her parched lips, and she could only stand trembling, gazing at him with terrified dilated eyes.

"You would ask me if I understand the purport of your little note?" he said gently. "Is not that it, Mrs. Daunt?"

"Yes," she breathed, rather than uttered.

"How can I answer you?" he said, with some hesitation, pitying her intense anguish, yet angry with her for the deception she was evidently practising towards her husband. "The few words written there would have been unintelligible to me, Mrs. Daunt, had a clue to their meaning not been supplied by the conversation at breakfast."

"Ah!"

"I cannot help gleaning that the 'Christie' spoken of there," he went on, with the same gentleness of manner, "is the lady spoken of this morning; therefore I conclude that the writer of the note is the unfortunate young man her brother."

Sidney's head drooped.

She was calmer now, with the calmness of despair.

Doubtless all was lost.

This man who had discovered her secret would betray her to her husband; it would be found out that Frank had been in the neighborhood, and he would be arrested, and she whom he had trusted would be the cause!

The thought was almost unbearable agony.

She raised her hands to her head with a little despairing gesture, and pushed back her hair from her forehead feverishly.

The young man, watching her, thought he had never seen a face lovely in its misery so miserable in its loveliness.

"It will not need much cleverness to guess that for some time you have been in communication with Mr. Greville," he said quietly.

"For some days past I have unwillingly been forced to conclude that you had some secret which your husband did not share, and I was grieved to think it. Believe me, Mrs. Daunt, the course you are pursuing can bring you only misery and trouble. To deceive a man so generous and true and trusting as Stephen Daunt is can give you only remorse at best.

"Why not have told him that you are anxious to do what you can to prove the innocence of Mr. Greville, and ask for help? He can advise and help you, and take from your shoulders a burden they cannot bear alone?"

"Why not?" she echoed bitterly. "You remember what passed in this room half an hour ago, and you ask that! You heard how cruelly and bitterly Stephen spoke; you see how convinced he is of Frank's guilt. Even if he loved me—and you who see so much, must have seen that he does not—he would not help me in this."

"He would help you—only ask him," Lloyd Milner said earnestly.

"I have asked him. I have entreated him to do so; but he will not. Ah, if you remember the circumstances, you will not wonder at it!" she went on, with increased and passionate bitterness. "She was so beautiful—so beautiful, and—and Stephen loved her—not Frank only."

She had striven to speak calmly; but Lloyd, watching her, saw how she trembled, and how, but for the support of a chair on which she leaned, she must have fallen.

At any other time he would have tried to soothe her distress; but her last words had startled him even beyond his own powers of self-control, and he could only look at her in amazement, and wonder at the meaning of her words.

"You don't understand," she said striving to steady her trembling lips—"you don't know all. Frank loved her, and Stephen; but Mr. Rutledge was wealthy, and she married him, and they were miserable. She," she went on with sudden fierceness—"she is the one who deserved to suffer; she was the cause of it all, not Frank, whose only fault was loving her."

"As you say, I do not know all," he answered gravely. "I remember reading the case at the time; but it slipped my memory. Stephen was not even a witness," he went on meditatively. "If he had anything to say, probably I should remember it all the better on that account. But am I mistaken in the notion that Mr. Greville, who was supposed, I think, to have eloped with the murdered man's wife, was engaged to some young lady here?"

"No, you are not mistaken," she said desperately. "He was engaged to me."

"To you!" he said, in intense surprise.

"To me."

Lloyd Milner was silent then.

Sorry as he had been for Sidney—ah, and for her husband—a few minutes before, he was doubly sorry now; and, although it was impossible that he should guess at all the truth, he could not help filling in for himself the blank parts of the story.

Sidney, he thought, had married Stephen when her first engagement came to an end, as so many girls married, for wealth and freedom, and, having these, she could not resist attempting to prove the innocence of the man she had really loved, even though she believed him in love with another woman.

Young as Lloyd Milner was, he had had a large experience of the world, and he knew something of the strangeness of womankind—how often they acted with utter disregard of self, and just in the opposite manner too in which they might have been expected to act.

That Sidney was terribly unhappy he did not doubt for a moment; but, much as he pitied her, he was yet more grieved for Stephen, whom he loved, and who had, as he feared, shipwrecked his life by marriage with a woman whom he did not love, and who did not love him.

And yet surely he loved her! thought the young barrister, remembering the few earnest words in which Stephen had asked him to come and see him "made the happiest of men," and the look of earnest passionate love in his eyes as he had stood by Sidney on his wedding-day. Six months had not yet elapsed, and they were estranged and cold—and they had all their lives to spend together!

"Mrs. Daunt," he said earnestly, "I am an old friend of Stephen's, and, for his sake I should like to be yours. Believe me when I tell you that nothing but misery can ensue from any such deception as this. It would be better—far better, to entreat Stephen for his assistance—he will not refuse you when he sees how your heart is set upon it—than to keep up this system of deception which must indeed be—indeed I see it is—so distasteful to you."

"Do you think I would have tried it," she cried passionately, "if there had been any other alternative? There is none. He will not help me. He hates Frank, and he knew that——"

She paused suddenly in terror, afraid that she had betrayed to this keen-eyed lawyer that Frank was in the neighborhood.

"I think, if he knew how much his wife was interested, he would give her his assistance," Lloyd said earnestly. "Mrs. Daunt, spare yourself any more pain and humiliation—for you must feel ashamed and humiliated by this continued deception of a husband whose greatest safeguard should be his trust and confidence in you. How can you betray them and him?"

"I don't know," she answered drearily. "I can only hope that the shame and humiliation will kill me at last. You yourself have owned that a broken heart is not a myth.

"I don't look like a very long-lived woman, do I? And my mother died young. And if you care for Stephen you would be glad to hear that he was free again," she added, looking at him with a very strange smile.

"Shall I tell you how to free him? Go and tell him what you know, what you have discovered while he is still in ignorance of it.

"Tell him that the wife he trusts and esteems—although he does not love her—is disobeying his orders, is spending his money in an attempt to clear the man who was his rival for Sibyl Neil's love; tell him that he has been in the neighborhood, that his wife has met him by night and by day; betray us to him, so that he may put the officers of justice on Frank's track; and on the day you do so," she added firmly, with a look on the beautiful face which startled him, "I will find a way out of the difficulty without any man's help or woman's either."

"Hush!" he said gently. "You speak wildly, and you do not know what you are saying.

"Why should I betray you to Stephen? I have no wish to add to your unhappiness and to his; it is sufficiently great, Heaven knows!

"Mr. Greville is safe from any interference of mine; but the risk he runs by coming here is a very great one, and the wisest plan is to do as he suggests here—go abroad while he has the opportunity.

"And your wisest plan Mrs. Daunt," he added almost coldly, "is to give up your desire of seeing him cleared and to run no further risk.

"It is a wonder your imprudence has not already brought about the result you dread so much."

She made no reply.

Her excitement was fading away now, and with it her strength.

She sank down upon the nearest chair, breathing quickly, her pale lips parted like those of a person in pain.

Suddenly Dolly's voice was heard in the hall without, and a gleam of terror crossed her ashy-pale face.

Lloyd made a slight reassuring gesture with his hand, and hurried out of the room; and Sidney heard his voice speaking lightly to Dolly, saying how long she had been, so long that he had thought she must have been making the sketches herself.

Then came Dolly's sweet soft voice and gay laughter, and his again sounded suggesting an adjournment to the library.

Then all was quiet; and presently Sidney raised herself to her feet, and dragged her trembling limbs up-stairs to her room to prepare for her drive into Ashford to see Christie, shading her face with her hand as she went, lest she should meet any one of the household.

Mr. Milner had been pitiful, angry.

Would it not be wiser to take his advice and give up the miserable attempt?

But it was too late now.

The matter was no longer in her own hands.

She could do nothing now—nothing, save suffer and tremble, and live in suspense and terror respecting what was to come.

* * * * * *

The snow was falling softly, covering the town of Ashford, the park at Lambswold, and the pretty ornamental grounds surrounding Easthorpe with a pure spotless covering charming to look at from the windows of warmed and cosy rooms, but not so pleasant to encounter, if one was compelled to be without at the time.

A tired wayfarer, a man who was walking wearily along the high-road leading to Ashford, which town he must walk through before he got to his destination, shook it off his shoulders with an impatient sigh as he went on his way.

Sidney and Christine Greville were in the former's boudoir, watching the flakes as they whirled and danced before the windows, at one of which Sidney stood, an expression of perplexity and care on her fair face, as she looked out, while Christie was crouching over the fire, holding out to its warmth two tiny hands which were almost transparent in their emaciation.

It would have been difficult for any one who had not seen Christine Greville for two years to recognise her, and in the past few months especially the change in her had been very great.

All her fierce resentments and rebellion against her brother's fate had faded now; she no longer gave way to despair; she

had not strength to rebel; she could only suffer.

In Christine's life there was no hope; all was black and dark and miserable, and it was no wonder that she drooped and faded.

She had no bodily disease, the doctors said; they did not recognize that of a broken heart.

But it was a broken heart which was killing Chrissie, as surely as if she had been a prey to consumption, or any other disease recognized by "the faculty."

Her brother's fate hung over her like a heavy cloud which was doomed never to be lifted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wrongly Accused.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

ISABEL stood by the low, carved mantelpiece, gazing absently, sadly, into the glowing fire.

One shapely, jeweled hand rested on the dark wood, and the other held back the sweeping folds of her dead-leaf-colored silk.

This sombre toilet was relieved by delicate, pink-coral ornaments in her ears, and at her throat and wrists, and a coral comb fastened back the masses of waving hair, dead-leaf-colored, like her silken robe.

It was half-past eleven, and she had been waiting there so many hours.

A quick, firm step outside, and the sound of a latch-key, brought her hand to her heart, and then she turned.

But a shade of disappointment crossed her fair brow as a tall, slight young fellow entered and hastened to her side.

"Still waiting, Isabel? Always waiting! Is my brother late again?"

"He is late again, Alfred. But how pale you are! Are you ill? tired?"

"Oh, no! I have walked rapidly. Is your clock right?"

"Yes. It has just struck half-past. Hadn't you better go upstairs to rest?"

"And leave you here alone? No! If you must sit up, I will, too. What a pretty ring you wear! May I look at it closer?"

She held out her hand for him to examine the delicate coral carving.

As he stood beside her, bending over it, neither heard the door open, nor saw a dark scowling-faced man approach them; so that both started when a sarcastic tone fell on their ears—

"A most engaging tableau! What is the interpretation, pray? The meaning seems obscure."

"I was examining your wife's Neapolitan ring, Fergus.

"I came in a moment ago, and finding her alone again, I remained with her. As you are come, I will bid you both good-night!"

He bowed and left, and then followed a stormy scene.

Isabel never could account for these sad quarrels.

She said—

"You are late again, Fergus."

"No one asked you to wait," he growled.

"I would rather wait," she answered gently; "for I am always anxious when you are not in at your usual time."

"This is my usual time."

"Yes, I know it has grown to be so," she replied sadly; "but it did not use to be.

"Fergus," she added, laying her hand timidly on his arm, "couldn't you come back to me a little earlier sometimes?"

Then his anger burst forth, and from one thing he went on to another, until, forgetting himself utterly, he stormily accused her of amusing herself well in his absence.

"What do I find on my return, night after night?" he cried.

"You, my wife, in gorgeous dresses which I pay for, and that baby-faced brother of mine almost kneeling at your feet!"

"Fergus," she moaned, pressing her hands together in pain as his unjust words stung her heart, "I dress for you—only you; and your brother is——"

"Silence, madam!"

He pushed her angrily away, and left her with a withering look of scorn.

It always ended so—Isabel was always put in the wrong, and, loving her husband faithfully, this was hard to bear.

A wild thought crossed her mind as she was left alone.

She knew her husband's brother loved her.

For once, long ago, when she was a girl, he had told her so, and she had thrown away a true heart for the sake of this man, who neglected and insulted her.

But the next moment she was on her knees, praying for help against temptation, and then she quietly wiped away her tears, and, throwing herself down on a lounge, she slept uneasily until daybreak.

Once, in the night, she thought she heard a step.

She listened, and felt almost sure the door closed carefully behind some one who went out.

But, persuading herself that it was fancy, she rose to go to her room.

When she entered her chamber and struck a light, she saw a small, folded paper pinned to the sleeve of her dress.

Hastily unfastening it, she unfolded it and read—

"Dear Isabel,—I am tired of causing trouble in your home. After leaving you, to-night, Fergus came to my room and made so me unpleasant remarks to me, telling me plainly that my presence here is no longer welcome.

"I have packed some necessary articles, and have left all else in order. I shall, of course, call to see you soon.

"Affectionately your brother,

ALFRED ATTLEY."

The next day, the papers were full of the account of a fatal accident, or murder, at the bachelor apartments of one Signor Del Monte, a young Spaniard, whose handsome face and large fortune had made him very popular in society during the season just past.

The unfortunate victim, Herbert Mortimer, was a gentleman well-known to Mr. and Mrs. Attley as an intimate friend of their brother, Alfred, and Isabel shuddered as she thought of one so promising being thus cut off in his youth.

She wondered a little, also, if Alfred had known of this when he had come in so pale and worn the night before.

His sudden departure, too!

Could he possibly be mixed up in this terrible affair?

Her heart almost stopped beating as she thought of this, and at that moment the housemaid entered, saying—

"There's a gentleman in the parlor wishes to see you, ma'am. He didn't give no name at all."

Mrs. Attley went down at once.

A courteous-looking, plainly-dressed man rose as she advanced, and bowing, said—

"There other ways of dealing in such affairs, madam, but I never use deceit or disguise unless it is necessary. I am a police-officer.

"I have come to ask some questions relating to the terrible affair which occurred at Signor Del Monte's rooms last night."

"Ask me?" cried Isabel, turning white. "Why, I know nothing about it! But be seated, sir," she added coldly, "and pray explain."

"If I was too abrupt," he resumed, as he complied, "I beg your pardon.

"Your brother-in-law, Mr. Alfred Attley, was intimate with the unfortunate young fellow who was killed, and he is a close friend of the Spaniard.

"That he was there last night is certain.

"I have already seen your husband, who tells me that he found his brother here with you when he returned last night, before midnight.

"Did you happen to notice the exact hour of Mr. Alfred Attley's entrance?"

"I did, sir. It had struck for half-past eleven one minute before Alfred entered. My husband came in about ten minutes later."

"This tallies exactly with what he told me," said the officer, consulting a small note-book; "but are you sure your clock was exact?"

"It is regulated by a clockmaker in the neighborhood, and keeps excellent time. I think it could be depended upon."

"One thing more. Mr. Attley, your brother-in-law, left this house in the night.

"That looks badly. Can you explain it? Your husband, I tell you frankly, exhibited an angry reserve on that point, which leads me to suppose that some quarrel took place or some ill-feeling exists."

Isabel flushed painfully, and pondered for a moment.

Then meeting the kindly-sympathizing glance of the gentlemanly official, she told him plainly, with as little reserve as she could, of her husband's unjust suspicion, and of her brother's note.

"I suppose he pinned it to my sleeve before leaving last night, for I slept on this lounge until morning," she continued, "and the gas was burning low.

"I have the note here. Will you read it?"

"With your permission, I will."

And taking it from her outstretched hand, he perused it attentively, and then returned it.

"Have you any idea where Mr. Attley is?" giving her a searching look.

"I have not, sir."

"I thank you, madam, for your courteous treatment, and for your candid replies. It may possibly be necessary for you to repeat this in court.

"I hope not: but if so, I have no doubt you will willingly aid in the cause of justice.

"The Spaniard insists that the shooting was accidental.

"He says, as you may have read in the Journals, that the quarrel began about some remark; that he seized a small pistol, which he supposed unloaded, and pointing it, threatened to shoot Mr. Mortimer if he did not retract his words.

"He admits that he handled the weapon carelessly; he says it slipped in his hand and went off, killing his former friend instantly.

"He is in deep distress, and no one can help feeling sorry for him."

With these words he withdrew.

Alfred Attley did not turn up until after the trial.

To her great relief, Isabel did not need to appear, and the court decided that the shooting was accidental.

The Spaniard, Del Monte, returned to his own country as soon as he was set free.

Then Alfred called on his sister-in-law one afternoon, and informed her why he had remained away.

"Isabel," he said, "I fear you will condemn me.

"I was present when poor Mortimer met his death. Del Monte's clock was wrong. He had a habit of putting it back an hour or so, to make us stay later.

"It was a trick of his, and so it happened that I got here at half-past eleven, and the officers, noting the time by his clock, made the mistake.

"They never seemed to think his timepiece might be wrong.

"Well, I could not have sworn the shooting was accidental, for I was not sure, nor am I yet.

"Del Monte says it was, and I am sure I hope so for his sake, poor old fellow!

"I liked him well; indeed, I believe I loved him.

"I could not have appeared against him.

"But it is over now. I never want to see his face again.

"And, Isa dear, I am off to-morrow. I only came to say good-bye: and tell me—do you think I did wrong?"

"It is always wrong, I suppose," she answered gently, "to avoid doing all we can to aid in bringing truth to light; but I feel with you in your shrinking to appear against your friend, and—No, I do not blame you. Good-bye, now."

"A long good-bye, dear sister!"

Then he kissed her cheek, pressed her hand, and was gone.

* * * * *

Three years passed.

Fergus Attley pursued his wild course of dissipation, and after nearly breaking his sweet wife's heart, he fell ill and died.

She mourned for him sincerely, for she had loved him through all and to the end.

After that the lonely strain of the years grew unbearable, and she left her chilly home and went to Italy, hoping some warmth might creep into her heart with the bright southern sunlight.

One day she was driving slowly through the picturesque town.

Her black veil was thrown back, and the heavy crape draperies fell about her like dark shadows, throwing out the pure sweet tints of her lovely face.

Looking indifferently at the passers, her attention was suddenly attracted by a tall gentleman, who was regarding her fixedly. His face had something in it strangely familiar.

It reminded her of her dead husband.

No thought of his brother crossed her mind, until, hurrying close to the carriage, he made a sign to the driver to stop; and then with a glad cry of Isabel! he sprang in beside her, and held her wilting hands in a close welcome.

"Alfred, I did not know you. How you have changed!

"It is the dark beard and the close-cut hair, and your Italian bearing, I suppose."

They had much to say to one another, and then she drove him to her own home.

"Isabel, my dear, dear sister," he said then; "now give me my kiss of welcome."

She was his sister to be sure, but the kiss he pressed on her lips was hardly brotherly, and he did not drop the hand he had taken.

"You refused me long ago, dear, when I asked you to marry me. Will you accept me now?"

"Alfred, I ought not to say it to you perhaps, but my first marriage was so wretched that I have resolved never to marry again. You do not know——"

"I do know more than you could tell me—more than you know yourself," he muttered between his teeth; and his hand loosened over hers.

But as she tried to withdraw it he held it firm.

"I promise to love and cherish you, my darling, until you are so happy that the dark past will seem like a sad dream. Trust me, love."

She wavered. He then threw his arm around her protectingly.

"When shall it be?" he said.

And Isabel, seeing that he would take no refusal, gave in at last, and answered sweetly with a vivid blush and drooping eyes—

"Whenever you please."

THE SMART CHINAMAN.—There were two short-sighted men, Ching and Chang, who were always quarreling as to which of them could see best. As they heard there was to be a tablet erected at the gate of a neighboring temple, they determined they would visit it together on a given day, and put the visual powers of each to the test. But, desiring to take advantage of the other, Ching went immediately to the temple alone, and, looking quite close to the tablet, saw an inscription with the words, "To the great man of the past and the future."

Chang also went soon afterwards, prying yet closer, and in addition to the inscription, "To the great man of the past and the future," read, in smaller characters, "This tablet is raised by the family of Ling in honor of the great man." On the day appointed for the contest, standing at a distance from which neither could read, Ching exclaimed, "The inscription is, 'To the great man of the past and the future.'" "True," said Chang; "but you have left out a part of the inscription, which I can read but you cannot, and which is written in small letters, 'Erected by the family of Ling in honor of the great man.'" "There is no such inscription," said Chang. "There is," said Chang. So they waxed wroth, and, after abusing one another, agreed to refer the matter to the high priest of the temple. He heard their story, and then quietly said, "Gentlemen, there is no tablet to read; it was taken into the interior of the temple yesterday."

Bric-a-Brac.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.—The so-called signs of the zodiac, or phases of the moon, have no effects upon plants or animals on this earth, but there are still many persons who believe they do, and for this reason watch the moon or some old style almanac to find out when to plant corn, melons, &c., as well as the proper time to kill hogs. But people who never heard of such signs or pay no attention to them succeed just as well as those who watch and follow these signs ever so closely.

WHAT BRANDY DID TO THE GEESE.—A farmer's wife in Germany, making some cherry brandy, found the fruit unsound, and threw the whole into the yard. Her ten geese ate them all, and became dead drunk. She forgot about the cherries, and when she found her geese all in the gutter, she concluded they had all been poisoned, and would not be good for food, so she picked all their feathers off for the market. What was her surprise to find the geese next morning alive, but cold and shivering.

STRANGE CUSTOMS.—Some of the customs of the Thibetans are very curious. At parting a junior person takes off his cap, bows, and puts his tongue out. They pull their cheeks in order to show surprise. Turning up the big finger means the contrary. The rest of the fingers signify an indifferent quality of thing or person. All the men and women smoke. The nomadic Thibetans do not bury their dead, but throw them to wild beasts and birds of prey. In the capital of Thibet the clergymen decide as to the disposal of a dead body, whether it shall be burned, or thrown into a river, or buried, or left as prey for beasts and birds.

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAGIARISM.—The story of "King Leir," or Lear is taken by Shakspeare—name and all—from Old Geoffrey of Monmouth's fabulous history of Britain. The names of the daughters are slightly altered in the spelling: they are Gonorilla, Regan and Cordeilla. Geoffrey himself lived in the reigns of Henry I and Stephen; but, with his quaint assumption of perfect accuracy in the chronology of his legends, he finishes the tale of King Leir and his three daughters thus: "At this time flourished the prophets Isaiah and Hosea, and Rome was built upon the eleventh before the Kalends of May by the two brothers Romulus and Remus." The real Cordelia, therefore, lived about 2130 years before her namesake of Blackheath.

THE GREAT BEAR.—In the 'Great Bear,' there are several stars worthy of mention. Mizar, the central star of the three in the handle of the "dipper," has a small star near it called Alcor. The Arabians called it "Saidak," the test, as it furnished a ready means of testing an individual's keenness of vision. Mizar, when viewed through a telescope, is itself a fine double star, the second one being of a blueish tinge. The star at that part of the dipper nearest the handle is much fainter than the others, and it is, moreover, supposed to be what is known as a variable star—that is to say, its brightness varies at intervals; but its period of variation is so long, amounting to centuries, that this point is uncertain.

ALL OR NONE.—A New Englander, who was a wag, kept an eating-house near Boston, where, as he used to say, you could get anything that was ever made to eat. One day, in came a New Yorker, and, stepping up to the bar, asked the landlord what he could give him for dinner. "Anything, sir," said the host—"anything, from a pickled elephant to a canary bird's tongue." "Waal," said the New Yorker, eyeing him closely, "I guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant." "Well, we've got 'em—got 'em ready right here in the house," replied the landlord; "but you'll have to take a whole 'un, 'cause we never cut 'em." The New Yorker thought, after all, that he had better take some cod-fish and potatoes.

"BUTTERCUP! BUTTERCUP!"—Every school-girl has plucked the golden flower, and holding it under her playmate's chin has cried, "Buttercup, buttercup!" as it gave a flush of yellow to the rosy face. Every farmer's boy, too, has heard that if the cows feed upon the buttercups the butter will assume the most golden yellow color. So the name of the flower has come to be associated with its butter-yellow color. The history of its name reveals a different origin, however. In old English this flower was known as the "buttonoop," which means simply "button-head," in allusion to the round, button-shaped flowers. The word oop meant head in those days, but it has now been superseded by cup, and the old meaning has been wholly lost. Button gradually degenerated into butter, and everyone now says "buttercup."

MATED.—Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of Earl Cadogan; aged 13, was married to the Duke of Richmond aged 18. The marriage was a bargain to cancel a gambling debt between their parents, Lady Sarah being a co-heiress. The youth, then Lord March, was brought from college and the little lady from her nursery for the marriage, which took place at the Hague. The bride was amazed and silent, but the husband exclaimed, "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy?" Then his tutor took him off to the Continent, and the bride went back to her mother. Three years later Lord March returned from his travels, but having such a disagreeable recollection of his wife, was in no hurry to join her, and went the first evening to the theatre. There he saw a lady so beautiful that he asked who she was. "The reigning toast, Lady March," was the answer. He at once claimed her, and their life-long affection is spoken of as a romance.

THE ROSES KNOW.

BY S. J. CASSEL.

The roses o'er my window grow,
An arch of fragrant bloom;
I make a bunch each night, you know,
To bless my little room.
What idle folks may pause to stare,
I hardly know, I never care;
But who'd refuse a courteous soul
A tiny bud for button hole?

One night—the last sweet night of May—
My basket in my hand,
I heard a footstep cross the way,
I saw a stranger stand.
He leant his arms the palings o'er,
And asked me for a rose—no more;
I gave it with a smile and word—
No more than simply that occurred.

But, oh! the roses bloom to-day
With tenderer, deeper glows!
They whisper me from every spray,
Because my heart's a rose.
For yesterave—that pearl of eves—
Above the murmur of their leaves,
I heard—no matter what—but, oh!
The roses know—the roses know!

A Woman's Whim.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT, RIGHT LOVE," "BERTIE," "THE DEAN'S GRANDDAUGHTERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

FAIRE is the first to leave the table, and her departure is the signal for one at least of the questions being asked.

"Who is she?" asks the Colonel, trying to infuse more indifference than he feels into his face and voice.

"That is my new companion. What do you think of her?" returns Irene anxiously.

"Peculiar, rather."

"That is just what struck me!" exclaims Miss Sloane-Trevor. "There is something forced and unnatural about her, as though she were acting a part. Perhaps she dyes her hair.

"Her complexion is just the kind that goes which that perfectly colorless hair which is so dreadfully unbecoming."

"I dare say that is it. Last night I thought her quite good-looking," says her mother.

"I think her so still," declares Seton Crewe, and brings down upon himself a shower of disclaimers and abuse of his bad taste.

Warned by this, he makes no such mistake again.

And from this time whatever interest or admiration he may feel is so carefully disguised that not even the object of it is conscious of its existence.

She, after the first few days, becomes accustomed to her surroundings, even extracting some amusement from her novel experiences, and has forgotten the original cause of her displeasure, though the effect—her dislike to the "odious Seton"—remains unaltered.

Mrs. Sloane-Trevor is always courteous, though cold.

By degrees the acquaintance between them becomes a pleasure to them both; but Irene holds resolutely aloof.

She is a proud ambitious girl, very slow in forming friendships, and self-contained to a marvellous degree.

She seems to have no feminine weakness at all, no love of gossip, scandal, afternoon-tea, and the fashion-plates.

She dresses well, but it is instinctively, rather than studiedly, and, if she is vain, the foible shows itself in no small affectations.

She is conscious of her beauty, and would be unhappy, doubtless, did it remain unrecognized.

But there is no vulgar display or triumphant blazoning of her charms.

Naturally she has many admirers; the most favored of them all is Colonel Crewe.

But another deserves to be mentioned on account of his unswerving constancy in the decidedly unfavorable circumstances. This is the Honorable Effingham Lane, the youngest son of an impoverished Irish peer lazy, good-looking, amusing, and always good-humoredly patient beneath Irene's persistent snubbing.

He is a subaltern in Seton Crewe's battalion, and has nearly as ardent an affection for his senior as for his haughty lady-love.

The devotion in this case being certainly more deserved, for the Colonel has helped him out of many a difficulty and debt.

The two—such a contrast in age, disposition, and appearance—are, notwithstanding, fast friends, or perhaps their very dissimilarity accounts for the attraction that each has felt for the other, and their rivalry, if rivalry it be, has not disturbed their amicable relations.

Faire rather enjoys being on-looker at the game, and sometimes finds herself wondering curiously whether Colonel Crewe really cares for this girl, who so evidently likes and aspires to marry him.

And yet, after all, what can it be to her?

If there were no other man in the world, she would not stoop to feel an interest in him.

If Irene's words are to be believed, he is not even conscious of her existence, save as an unimportant item in the round of his daily life.

Faire's new duties are very light, her position in the household being almost a sinecure, in fact.

She rides with Miss Sloane-Trevor in the morning, and drives with her in the afternoon, or remains with her while she is entertaining her guests at luncheon or at tea.

So soon as the elder lady appears—which is not until somewhat late in the day—she is free.

Mrs. Sloane-Trevor always chaperons her daughter in the evening, and takes her also to as many morning-parties as her delicate health will permit.

But Irene is not exacting, and contents herself, as a rule, with the evening galeties that offer.

Once or twice Faire has been asked to accompany them to the theatre, or some other public entertainment.

She steadily declines, pleading her mourning garb as an excuse.

She has been with them nearly a month, when one morning a name is mentioned that makes her start and look down apprehensively at a letter lying in her lap, wondering if by any chance they could have divined its contents.

"My fairy godmother, Lady Hainault," says Effingham Lane; and Faire, who has heard nothing that has gone before, listens eagerly for the context.

"I thought she lived North Barbaio way?" remarks Colonel Crewe, looking up from his paper, apparently interested too.

"So she does. It is a puzzle to me what can have induced her to emerge from her hermit-cell.

"The old house in Kensington Square has been deserted for a great many years."

"You have expectations from her, I think?"

It is Colonel Crewe who is speaking still.

But Faire notices that Miss Sloane-Trevor looks up with an eager brightness in her fine eyes.

Is it possible that the girl can be so mercenary as to be willing to throw over the man she loves for the man who loves her, if the balance of riches falls in favor of the latter?

"My people hope for me, I believe. As for me, I put no faith in women's whims: she might leave me all her money to-morrow, and the next day make a new will in favor of a hospital for cats."

"Not much of a fairy-godmother, after all," laughs Colonel Crewe.

"She used to be very good to me when I was a youngster. I have not come across her for many years, and would sooner avoid a meeting now than be suspected of an undue interest in the final disposition of her wealth.

"I have no fancy for waiting to stand in dead men's shoes."

"Don't you think you are carrying independence too far?" asks Irene, in a low voice.

"If you are distantly connected with her, and she has no near relatives, as I have heard you say, you have as much right to the money as any one."

"They say she is on the point of adopting General Espinasse's daughter, the girl the Colonel was telling us about the other day, who was left so strangely unprovided for by a series of accidents."

Faire crimsons like a rose.

How have these people happened to hear her story, and what connection have they with North Barham and its inhabitants?

Above all, why should Colonel Crewe have troubled himself about her circumstances?

He alone of those who are present has noticed her emotion, and, edging his chair a little nearer, tries to solve the reason of it.

"You came from North Barham yourself, Miss Edwardes? Did you happen to know the lady of whom we have been speaking?"

"Which—what—whom do you mean?" stammers Faire confusedly.

"Lady Hainault of Alderton."

"Yes, I know her—as people in my position would know those in hers."

Again a deep blush floods Faire's tell-tale face at the necessary equivocation; and thinking it is caused by hurt pride, perhaps by the memory of some unforgotten slight, Seton Crewe refrains from further questioning.

It is the first time he has addressed her directly since she has been there, save on the most general subjects, and he is a little startled by the wonderful light that had flashed into her blue eyes.

He is puzzled too by the even more marked incongruity of the straightly-plastered hair and dowdy frock in juxtaposition with the youthful face that glowed so brightly as she spoke.

But as he speculates the light fades away, and she is once more the unobtrusive commonplace companion.

Truth to tell, she is growing a little weary of the part that she is playing, impatient of the life that must be lived so utterly alone.

She has known so much of love hitherto that to exist without it is a pain.

She is yearning for the loving words and caressing touches that were so familiar before.

"Dear aunt Paul! If I had only stayed with her!" she has thought more than once.

And now she has received a letter from her announcing her arrival, and begging her to come as soon as she is able.

She is wondering whether it is usual for a companion to ask for holidays at all, when to her surprise, Miss Sloane-Trevor refers to the subject.

It is late in the afternoon of the same day, and Faire is standing somewhat dejectedly by the open window, looking down upon the square, when Irene, struck by her despondent attitude and the slight frown on her somewhat sad face, is moved to pity, and speaks.

"Have you no friends in town, Miss Edwardes?"

Faire starts, and looks a little frightened.

"I mean no one whom you could visit?" continues Irene. "It must be so dull for you day after day."

"I have one friend, if I thought that you could spare me," begins Faire hesitatingly.

"What a terrible character for selfishness you are giving me!" says Miss Sloane-Trevor smilingly. "Of course I can spare you whenever you wish to go."

And then it is arranged that Faire shall spend the next day where and how she pleases.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY HAINAULT lives at Kensington; but Faire does not take a cab, when, the following morning, she starts to visit her.

The mere fact of walking through the streets enhances the enjoyment of her freedom, and the air is so clear and frosty that its contact exhilarates her as she goes.

She finds the old lady looking through her spectacles at a pile of notes and cards; but she throws them all down upon the table when she sees who is there.

"My dear child at last! I have been expecting you every day since I arrived. What a Babel this London is!

"I felt quite bewildered with the noise at first, and was longing for you to come."

"Dear aunt Paul—how glad I am to see you!"

If Lady Hainault had not at that moment been taken suddenly aback at the sight of Faire's altered looks, she might have been struck by the pathos in her voice, betraying as it did such a yearning for sympathy and love. But she has eyes only for the one thing.

"Child, what have you done with all your beautiful hair?"

The horrified tones make Faire laugh, and taking off her hat, she strokes down her plastered locks.

"Don't you think I look admirably discreet and ugly—the very model of what a companion ought to be?"

Lady Hainault groans.

"If you go on at this rate, Faire," she says, "you will end your days in a madhouse."

"Better that than a workhouse—for there at least I should not be conscious of my position.

"Besides, seriously speaking, it diverts notice from me and makes my part an easier one to play."

"How long are you going to stay?" asks Lady Hainault abruptly.

"Until to-night, if you will have me."

"Then, my dear, do, like a good child, go and put your head in a basin, for it is a positive pain to see you look like that."

Laughing and blushing, Faire complies, and, coming back, again finds Lady Hainault once more puzzling over her visiting-cards.

After passing her thin fingers caressingly over the girl's wavy hair and expressing her approval of the change, her bewilderment finds a vent in words.

"People I have quite forgotten, and some I am confident I never knew, and relatives cropping up from every part of the world!

"My dear, I wish you would tell me who is who."

Faire cannot help being amused, though the older lady's distress is real, and not affected.

"I am afraid I don't know better myself, unless there is any one I happen to have met at Mrs. Sloane-Trevor's.

"You see, the few times we were in town together—papa and I—we did not waste our time in paying and returning visits."

"And you have never had a season yet, Faire.

"Why will you not give up this mad scheme, and come and stay with me?"

Faire shakes her head, to change the subject, takes up some cards to see if there is any one with whom she has acquaintance.

"I see a few North Barham names; one or two of them I have met, but was not recognized, thanks to my effectual disguise"—pushing back her now clustering curls.

"It takes nearly all my salary for bandoline, and bear's grease," she adds comically.

Lady Hainault is obliged to smile, though somewhat disgusted too, and vexed that she who is dear to her as her own child should be put to such untoward straits.

"It is not as if it were compulsory that you should do as you are doing now," she says aggrievedly.

But Faire, who is determined not to discuss the disputed point again, turns again to the cards she is holding in her hand.

"Mr. Effingham Lane. Then he has been to see you too, aunt Paul?"

"He is my godson, dear—a favorite godson once, but I have not seen him now for many years. I daresay he does not care to be bored by an old woman now."

"I don't think it is that—indeed I know it is not. He is afraid of seeming to be a fortune-hunter, I think."

"Poor dear boy!" says Lady Hainault gently. "And I had meant"—she stops short.

Long ago a will had been made, in which having no near relatives, she had left everything to him, and not until Faire had been so strangely bereft of all in one fell swoop had she altered her intention.

She does not regret the step; but, at the same time, feeling as though she had neglected her own kith and kin for one who, however dear, is an alien by blood, she puts aside the subject as an unpleasant one even from her thoughts.

Although nothing has been definitely said, Faire guesses the truth, and remains silent.

The position of supplanter is distasteful to her of course, and yet she is hardly brave or Quixotic enough to refuse a fortune coming so.

Working for one's livelihood is a less gratifying sensation than she had supposed and some one must eventually possess the money.

Why not she as well as another?

This young man is an absolute stranger to Lady Hainault, though a distant connection and her godson too, while she has been almost a daughter to her—in all save obedience, she confesses ruefully to herself—ever since she was a little child.

Well, she will say nothing now, but let ensuing events decide.

Rising, she kisses Lady Hainault on the cheek.

It is partly in gratitude for the kindness that is past, which she thinks she has scarcely deserved, and a little in deprecation of the kindness that is to follow on her death.

But the other, knowing nothing of her thoughts, takes it to be an acceptance of her good intentions, and feels more than ever bound to fulfil and make them real facts.

It is near midnight when Faire reaches Grosvenor Square that night.

The ladies are either out or already retired and only a single light is burning in the hall.

With her hood drawn closely over her head, she passes the sleepy man-servant and speeds across the hall.

At the same moment the library door opens, and Colonel Crewe comes out.

"Is it you, Irene?" he asks as he comes forward

"It is I," falters Faire.

Her endeavor to pull her hood still farther over her face defeats its own objects.

The treacherous covering, useful only when least required, falls back and reveals to Colonel Crewe's astonished gaze something so different from what he had expected that he can only stare in amazement at, with a little gasp that might be of dismay, or again merely a muttered good night, the girl escapes upstairs.

Colonel Seton Crewe is decidedly puzzled and put out—puzzled because he cannot imagine how his cousin's quiet companion could suddenly assume what by contrast was no derange ae appearance, and put out because it is not his way to war with women; yet, if there is anything not entirely above-board about her private life, it is surely his duty to set his relatives upon their guard, they having no other male protector than himself.

But judging her as severely as he does, taking the worst at once for granted, he is mollified, in spite of himself, by the memory of the lovely flushed face, the downcast eyes, and bright disordered hair.

It haunts him and pursues him in his sleep, and in the morning his first thought is how she will act when he sees her next, whether she will ignore the awkward meeting or openly defy him to do his worst.

It is already late when he goes down, and the hum of voices in the breakfast-room speaks to the fact that he is the last. He pushes open the door and enters.

Irene is pouring out some coffee for her mother, who is lying back in her arm-chair near the fire.

The companion is sitting at the table, quiet and demure as of old, in her very plainest gown, her hair plastered down more smoothly than ever over her brow.

"You are late, Seton," says Irene, while the companion only acknowledges his salutation with a serene bow.

"It is not often that any one comes after me," smiles Mrs. Sloane-Trevor; "but Irene and I had a quiet evening at home, so I thought I ought to appear early for very shame's sake."

"Then the usual custom must have been reversed. Generally it is Irene and you who come in like owls at all hours from midnight on; but last night it was Miss Edwardes who was late."

He seats himself as he speaks, and tries to seem unconcerned in the answer she will make, but the momentary silence that ensues impels him to look up.

Miss Edwardes is cutting bread-and-butter as calmly as did Charlotte when dead Werther was carried past her door. She only hesitates for a moment, and then turns to Mrs. Sloane-Trevor.

"Not too late, I hope?" she asks quietly. "I think it was only a little after eleven when I came in."

Mrs. Sloane-Trevor waves aside all apology.

"At least you have not the appearance of a victim to late hours. You are looking all the brighter for the little change. You must visit your friends again."

"It is you, Seton, who look as if you had been consuming gallons of midnight oil,"

exclaims Irene rallyingly, as she puts down a cup of coffee by his side.

And indeed just now he does look somewhat grave and full of thought. Ought he to tell them what he has seen?

And yet, now that he thinks about it, what is there to tell?

Simply that the girl's hair was ruffled, probably from the contact of her hood, or perhaps that and her flushed face were both owing to her having fallen asleep in the jolting cab as she came home.

No, there is nothing which he can lay hold of as yet; he must wait and watch.

And he does watch—not aggressively, nor rudely, but persistently, so that Faire dare not lay aside her mask for an instant, being conscious always of his furtive gaze.

For three or four days he watches fruitlessly, and then a discovery is made which startles him even more than he had expected to be startled, and leaves him bewildered and distressed.

He has discovered that he loves her passionately, devotedly, and with as little wisdom as he has of hope.

The knowledge has flashed upon him in a moment.

Only just before he had been railing at her in his own mind for her artful evasion of the many traps he has set to betray her into forgetfulness of the role that apparently she is acting, and then instantaneously it is made clear to him why he has taken such an interest in his task.

He had thought that his eagerness to find out all the truth about her was only for Irene's sake, that she might not suffer from contact with one who was in any degree less pure and high-minded than herself.

He does not care for women—has never professed to do so—only tolerating them when necessary, and esteeming one beyond the rest because it has been understood for some years past that eventually she will become his wife.

But now his whole happiness—nay, his life—lies in a woman's hands, and yet she must be nothing to him now, nor ever, because he is in honor bound.

There is no formal engagement between the two, but it is expected that he shall speak, and understood that Irene will lend a favorable ear.

Well, he must clinch the business at once and put it out of his power to break the bonds.

Once she is his wife, Irene will no longer need a companion, and Frances Edwardes can go out of his life and, pray Heaven, his memory for ever.

But can he speak now—now with the consciousness of his love still fresh and fair within him?

It is impossible.

He must go away for a time, and come back with the madness overcome; while, it may be, after many years the flowers of fond affection may still bloom where the flames of an ill-starred passion had seemed to lay waste all.

It must be madness, blindest passion, for who, seeing the two together, would do as he has done?

There is Irene, pale and proud it is true, but exquisitely lovely, and with a careless grace of manner that seldom fails to charm; there is the other, equally cold and self-contained, and with nothing of Miss Sloane-Trevor's redeeming beauty to make one forget her faults.

"I wonder why she is not handsome?" muses Seton, as he looks. "Her eyes are lovely and her features perfect. Is it only her listless expression and the depressing effect of her hair being brought so low upon her forehead that keep her from being even pretty.

"Am I in love with her as she is, or enamored of a fancy—the vision I saw of her, or thought I saw for a moment, the glimpse I had of her first upon the stairs, quiet and old-fashioned still, but quaintly demure like a Quakeress who has leanings towards a more alluring religion?"

But, puzzled as he is, the facts remain. He is, or ought to be, engaged to one woman and he loves another.

Yes, he must go away for a while, no doubt of that!

Absence does not make all hearts grow fonder, and every man has some incident in his life preceding the legitimate affection he offers to his wife.

Once resolved upon his course of action, he allows no delay in carrying it out.

That very afternoon he announces his intention of running over to Paris for a week or two on urgent business; but he looks a little abashed when Mrs. Sloane-Trevor asks him, with something of reproachfulness in her tone, whether his solicitor is there at present.

"No, my solicitors are, as usual, in town," is his somewhat embarrassed reply; and then he adds, not glancing Irene's way, "When I return I hope to put matters upon a more secure footing."

Irene looks inscrutable when he says farewell, unwilling doubtless to show any feeling while he is so palpably devoid of emotion.

With a sigh, he turns to Faire.

"Good-bye, Miss Edwardes," he falters.

"And good-bye, Colonel Crewe," she answers, smiling serenely in his face.

* * * * * *

For a fortnight Colonel Crewe remains away, a fortnight that seems to him like many months, each rendered longer than the last by perplexity and pain.

Never having frittered away his affections on numberless different objects, the love he feels now is all the deeper and more incapable of change.

Strive as he will to picture the future with Irene at his side, the future becomes blurred and indistinct, and through a mist of what is suspiciously like tears he sees Faire—Faire, with her smooth braided hair and downcast eyes, or again Faire, as he saw her once, all flushed and radiant from some cause that he has not yet been able to find out.

Time after time, like the strong man he is, he tries to banish the tempting vision, and time after time it returns with subtler sweetness and ever deadlier force.

And yet he has known her only a month, and she is not beautiful nor even good-looking, nor is she brilliant, nor is she accomplished, nor anything else that would be likely to lead a man into such a luckless strait.

She is only his cousin's companion, quaint, quiet, and puzzling—worse than all, profoundly indifferent to himself.

It is a witchery that possesses him, surely!

If he saw her again, he would be cured, and only wonder how he had been under the spell so long.

With an eagerness that might have warned him of the hopelessness of this last chance, Seton Crewe prepares for his homeward journey, and, once started, travels with feverish haste towards his cure.

It is about the luncheon-hour when he reaches Grosvenor Square, and he walks into the dining-room before his arrival can be announced.

The meal is over; but the room is tenanted still.

In the shadow of the window-curtains Irene stands, with averted face and fingers interclasped, and by her side is Effingham Lane, easy and debonair as usual, and apparently gracefully resigned to the unsuccessfulness of his suit.

He is first to see the new-comer as he enters, and goes forward to welcome him with rather exaggerated pleasure, or so the Colonel, who is tired and cross, and consequently inclined to be hypercritical, thinks; but he grows tenderly remorseful for the unfaithfulness of which only he is aware when she turns with a lovely sudden blush and holds out a hand whose trembling accounts for the absence of any greeting words.

If she loves him so dearly as it seems, how doubly base of him to have been false to her even in his thoughts!

"Where is your mother, Irene?" he asks quietly, to break the somewhat awkward silence.

"She is lying down in her room. She was with us, though, at luncheon, and so was Miss Edwardes, of course," answers Irene, with an eagerness to explain that looks suspicious.

"*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*," mutters Mr. Lane beneath his blonde moustache.

But Colonel Crewe, keen as he usually is to detect, is rendered dense for the moment by the violence of his own emotion.

The very mention of Faire's name has set his pulses beating wildly.

Almost unconsciously he repeats her name.

"Miss Edwardes?"

And Irene, thinking that he is rebuking her for being without the chaperonage of her companion's presence, answers hurriedly—

"She has only just gone to her room. She is going out. It is her birthday. We only discovered it at luncheon, and mamma said she might have the rest of the day to herself. She has not been looking very strong of late, we think."

Colonel Crewe offers no remark on this.

After a few desultory questions and answers between him and his subaltern on military matters, he says something about unpacking and business that has still to be transacted, and makes his escape from the room.

His opportunity has come at last.

For every reason it is necessary that this mystery should be explained.

He will follow her now and see who are her associates and where are her haunts, and see why this secrecy should enshroud one who is so young and apparently of gentle birth.

He waits for nearly an hour in the library, the windows of which command a view of the exit from the house, and presently his patience is rewarded.

Footsteps are heard outside, the hall-door is thrown open, and, unconscious of the espionage under which she is, Faire runs lightly down the steps.

A few moments later, Seton Crewe emerges leisurely from his room to disarm suspicion, and, lighting his cigar, follows her into the street.

He is half afraid that the necessary delay may have caused him to miss her, that she may have taken a cab and been whirled away from his pursuit—but no!

There she is some hundred yards ahead, her slim graceful figure making her conspicuous even among the many who are hurrying to and fro.

"Not a doubt of it she is a lady," muses Seton, as he watches her admiringly; "for no half-bred one ever moved like that."

Quickly she speeds along, never looking behind, and so unconscious that one who loves and yet distrusts her is trying to justify his passion to himself, following her that he may prove her secret at least to be no disgrace.

He is astonished when at last she stops at almost the largest house in Kensington Square, a mansion that speaks for itself of something more than mere respectability.

She rings and knocks, and subsequently disappears within, leaving Colonel Crewe to retrace his steps more bewildered than he was before.

CHAPTER V.

TURNING into his club, Colonel Crewe, to his surprise, finds the Honorable Effingham Lane stretched full length upon a settee, looking down moodily at his well-garmented limbs.

"How is it I find you here, Effie? I thought you were safe in Grosvenor Square for the rest of the day. Have you and Irene quarrelled? You are looking very glum, indeed."

"I left directly after you did," is the curt response.

"And what has put you out?" asks the Colonel.

"Effie's uneasy about the 'divided skirt,'" laughs a young brother subaltern who is passing by. "He thinks that the ladies are going to beat him on his own ground."

But the joke meets with neither appreciation nor denial.

Directly the other is out of earshot Colonel Crewe says gravely—

"There is something serious the matter with you, Effingham. Won't you tell me what it is."

"I am out of sorts, Colonel, hipped—am not myself. I was thinking of leaving town for a while; no one can keep well in this everlasting smoke."

If Colonel Crewe thinks that he has been sometime finding out the fact, he keeps the opinion to himself.

He thinks he knows the reason of this suddenly-formed distaste.

It is because of Irene, because he cannot stay and see her married to another; and yet before he had seemed quite resigned to the inevitable.

Has he played too long with fire, or were his feelings always more deeply touched than had been supposed?

They had all thought it merely a boyish fancy.

Have they been blind all this time, and is it an honest manly love for the girl who seemed to care so little in return, ridiculing and quarrelling with him upon every possible occasion?

Colonel Crewe's face grows gravely sympathetic.

Has he not also tasted all the bitterness of a hopeless unrequited love?

Fate seems to take a strange pleasure in thus causing them to play at cross-purposes like this.

If only by some happy chance things might yet come right—but that is impossible, of course.

As soon expect the cold demureness of the companion to awake into responsive passion as dream that the proud Irene would ever stoop to care for a boy like Effingham Lane, who, winning and lovable as he is, has yet little of brilliancy or wit to distinguish him from the common herd, and who, moreover, is poor and of small account in the great world that she loves so dearly.

Now with him, Seton Crewe, it is different.

He is rich, very rich, and will probably be richer still.

His position, not only as the most influential landowner in a large county, but also as colonel of a crack regiment, is unexceptionable.

Even if she does not love him, the ambition which is inherent in her might urge her to contract a loveless marriage with him.

Yet he does not doubt her true affection for him.

No, it is all dismal enough without the added pain of having to suspect the single-mindedness of her whom he is bound to ask to become his wife.

She loves him, she will marry him, and by-and-by, after many, many years, he may be able to offer her something more than friendly feeling in return for her faithful love, when this mad infatuation is not forgotten, but overcome.

"You are quite right, Effingham," he says at last, kindly. "A change will do you all the good in the world. Take six months' leave and go abroad. There is nothing like a change for some people"—suddenly remembering the futility of his own journeying.

Mr. Lane glances sharply into the Colonel's face.

Formerly there had been less of sympathy than of practical assistance in the way that his confessions have been received; but now there is something in his senior's manner seeming to imply that he can understand and consequently feel for his present pain.

Is it possible that the impregnable citadel has yielded at discretion, that the cold, hard-headed fellow who has so long avoided women, even if he has not been actually a woman-hater, has fallen in love at last.

Well, it is only natural, of course.

Few men could be on the eve of marrying such a woman as Irene Sloane-Trevor, and still remain indifferent to her beauty.

For of course it must be she that he cares for.

What other is likely to be noticed when she is by?

And he ought to be glad for her sake, and yet—and yet human nature is proverbially selfish, and perhaps he had not been altogether without hope.

But whatever Seton Crewe is feeling his features will not betray.

His eyes remain as coldly inscrutable as ever, and, if his mouth has grown involuntarily tender as he thinks of Faire, the thick red moustache effectually guards the secret from his friend.

To avoid any further scrutiny, he changes the dangerous subject for another.

"Effie, you know everything and everybody; can you tell me who lives at Number 140, Kensington Square?"

"Rather!" answers the young fellow, with a grin, having recovered his spirits almost as quickly as he had lost them. "Why, that's where my fairy godmother lives."

"Lady Hainault?"

"The very same! Don't you recollect I was telling you about her only the other day?"

Yes, Colonel Crewe remembers.

He remembers, too, that he had asked Miss Edwardes whether she had known her, and the answer had been—

"As people in my position should know those in hers."

"I called on her about a fortnight ago and found her out," continues Mr. Lane; "but since then I have had a very kind note from her, asking me to visit her again, and a more formal request for the pleasure of my company at a fancy dress ball that she is giving at the beginning of next week. She used to be very good to me, indeed."

"And will be again when she sees and knows you. I say, Effie; I wonder if you could get me an invitation for this fancy ball?"

It is a boast of Effingham Lane's that he is never taken by surprise.

But for once his self-possession nearly fails him.

That Colonel Crewe should have fallen in love at all, even with his peerless cousin, was sufficient cause for wonder; but that he should inconsequently feel a sudden desire for more gaieties than those which are absolutely forced upon him is even more dumfounding.

However, recovering himself with an effort, he answers quietly—

"I dare say it might be managed, if you really wish to go."

"I do wish it very much."

"And Mrs. Sloane-Trevor, and——"

"No, no; they would not care about it, I am sure. I mean they have so many engagements," interrupts Colonel Crewe hastily. "And do me a great favor, Effie—don't mention to them that I am going to the ball."

"It shall be as you wish, of course," returns the other stiffly.

Surely it cannot be that he is mistaken in his surmise, that it is some other, and not Irene, who is the object of this new-born passion!

In any case he will not go abroad just yet.

He will wait and watch events, and if any wrong is intended to her, although Seton Crewe is his best friend, it shall not go unavenged.

And almost at the same moment Faire is consulting with Lady Hainault upon the practicability of her appearing too at this same ball.

"Mr. Lane is coming, and would think it so very strange," she demurs at first.

"It is to be fancy-dress, remember, and he would not recognise you, if you looked as you do now."

"That would ensure my dismissal at once," laughs the girl gaily. "Imagine Mr. Lane's dismay if he saw his lady-love's companion whirling round the room with her smooth locks dishevelled, and, moreover, wearing a less unbecoming garb than was her wont."

"My dear, you must come as Faire Esplnasse, not as Miss Frances Edwardes, who, estimable young person as she doubtless is, I should scarcely care to see the acknowledged beauty of my ball."

Faire blushes with childlike pleasure at the compliment thus implied.

It is so long since she received any flattery at all that it comes to her like a new sensation.

Thereupon ensues a discussion as to the costume she is to wear—something pretty, yet not too striking nor uncommon, and a disguise as well.

"Let it be 'White Dresden China,'" decides Lady Hainault at last. "There will certainly be more than one of those, and the powdered hair will make a difference in your appearance. You will not find Effingham a very close observer, if he is as deeply in love as you say. And, that being decided, now tell me, Faire, what is my godson like since he has become a man."

"Let me see," answers Faire, half closing her eyes to bring him back to her recollection. "First, he is very good-natured—too good-natured sometimes, for amiability is sure to be imposed upon—lazy? Yes, and a little conceited, perhaps, but thoroughly good and true."

"You have said nothing about his looks," says Lady Hainault.

She is beginning to build a castle in the air, to weave a romance in which her adopted child and favorite godson are the two chief actors.

What a solution of the riddle that has been vexing her so much of late, if only these two would care about each other and marry!

Strange that she has never thought of this before.

"Are you sure that Effingham Lane cares for Miss Sloane-Trevor?" she asks very sharply.

"One question at a time, aunt Pam, if you please. You want to know if he is good-looking—he is more than that, he is absolutely pretty—such large languishing gray eyes and perfect Greek features! If it were not for his moustache, you might take him for a girl."

"That will do," observes the old lady, testily. "I have heard quite enough about him."

For a moment Faire looks up, amazed and somewhat vexed.

Then, as it breaks upon her what match-making schemes her careless words have

incontinently dispelled, her brow clears, and she breaks into a merry laugh.

"Aunt Paul, aunt Paul, how wicked you are! Such underhand machinations deserve their non-success. Besides, have not I often told you that he cares for no one except Irene! He will never marry at all, if he does not marry her."

"And she is engaged to her cousin, Colonel Crewe?"

"Not yet; but it will come to that, I suppose. Aunt, why don't you give it out that Mr. Lane is to be your heir, and let them have a fair fight? He wants the money more—more"

She stops short, not liking to betray the knowledge she has only guessed at; but Lady Hainault finishes the sentence for her.

"More than you, you independent child, and deserves it better, too, I make no doubt. All the same, he shall never have it, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you contract a brilliant marriage, and so put yourself beyond the need of it."

"That is not likely."

"My dear, there is no necessity for your remark. I am quite aware of the perversity with which I have to deal."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VAL'S GOVERNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SAILOR BOY," "A FALSE FRIEND," "AS ROSES FADE," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

WHEN the gentlemen came up, Mr. Seymour-Brooke had to be re-introduced to Miss O'Ferra by his better half.

And, on being commanded to gush, I gushed, and expressed himself delighted, and so forth.

Nellie's little friend of the dining-room also made straight for her, and, announcing himself on a low chair by her side, he took up the thread of conversation just where it had been dropped, and they chatted away in a most friendly fashion.

"Teddie, I wish you would ask Emily to sing," said Flora, anxious to chain him to the piano, just to keep him out of harm's—that is, Nellie's—way.

He obligingly went over and pressed Miss Fitzhall to favor them with one of her charming songs, to which, after a little demur, she graciously consented.

Whereupon he led her to the piano, and stood by her side while she gently warbled "Golden Love."

Not half the room listened, for the insipid young lady had treated them to a very insipid song.

Music was evidently in request to-night, for now the Honorable Eustachia, in a deep contralto, sang "The Vivandiere," and Colin Monteith followed with some Scotch songs, which every one enjoyed, but, owing to the very strong accent he threw into them, only a few understood.

Teddie had deserted the piano, and, beckoning to Val, sat holding the child between his knees, devoting himself throughout the singing.

There was a strong affection between these two cousins—the tall man, and the small boy, and they were always very happy together.

The subject of their conversation—directed by Teddie and spiritedly carried on by Val to a most attentive listener—being generally Nellie.

When the last lady-songstress had begged the assembled company not to wake her, and expressed, in long drawn-out notes her desire to dream again, Val reminded his cousin that Nellie could sing.

Mr. Galbraith, anxious for an excuse to speak to Nellie, went to Lady Hildyard.

"Aunt," he said, "some one wants you to ask Miss O'Ferra to sing: they say she has a sweet voice."

"Yes, my dear boy; where is Val?" said her ladyship.

"She does sing very sweetly indeed, and the dear child shall go and ask her.

"Go and ask Nellie, my darling, if she will be so kind as to sing for us."

Val did not require a second request, but ran across to where Nellie was sitting.

"Did mamma send you, sweetheart?" asked Nellie.

"Yes," he said, making his best bow, and holding out his hand in the most approved manner.

"I'll lead you to the piano, and stand by you all the time."

And then, seeing the bright color had rushed into her face, though she rose at once he added—

"You don't mind, do you, Nell? Sing about my favorite ole minstrel and the children's hearts, you know."

"I don't mind at all, darling, and I will sing your favorite," she replied, with a smile, as she moved gracefully towards the piano.

But she did mind very much indeed when she found that Teddie had taken up a position by the piano.

It was cruel of him to stand there as he did all through the song, making poor Nellie so nervous with the gentle gaze of his brown eyes.

With an effort she recovered her composure, and, feeling thankful that she had no music for Mr. Galbraith to turn over, she began. In a sweet, fresh, rather tremulous voice, but gathering power and beauty as she went on, the song the child had asked for.

There was a dead silence as the clear notes died away.

Then several voices thanked her; and her ladyship almost tearfully begged Nellie to sing again.

Her nervousness was now gone, so Nellie at once complied, then retreated to her sofa followed by Teddie.

"Nellie, you have given us a treat!" cried Mrs. Dick.

"Yes, I can't bear opera and that sort of thing in a drawing-room; but that was charming!" drawled Captain Fane.

Nellie spent the rest of her evening very happily, for Teddie drew up an easy-chair, and, with one arm at the back of her sofa, remained there, assisting a little in the conversation.

"Don't you sing?" she asked, turning her head to address him.

"Yes, in a chorus"—his eyes twinkling with fun; "but I'm no good in a drawing room.

"Ah, they are coming to fetch me for something! Not if I know it; I prefer to be here."

Flora advanced slowly as he was speaking.

"Oh, this is where you are hidden! Miss O'Ferra, is it not Val's bedtime? Teddie, did you bring your banjo?" she asked, without waiting for Nellie's answer.

"Yes, my beloved cousin; do you want it?"

"I want you to come and play to us; it is of no use getting up a dance to-night, and we want some amusement."

"I am awfully sorry, Flo; but some of the strings have gone to glory, and altogether it's in a bad way—Heaven forgive me!" he ejaculated under his breath, so that only Nellie heard.

"Why don't you try some theatricals? You're a splendid actress, cousin, and Fane is a perfect artist with a cloak over his shoulders and a poker in his hand."

"Then come and help me to get them up," said Flora.

"What!" exclaimed Teddie. "Have you and I been cousins all these years, and you know no better than to ask me to come and act?

"No, my child; don't ask me to spoil a beautiful spectacle by tumbling over or through it, and generally making more of a dunce of myself than nature intended. Now Fitzhall was fashioned for an actor—eh, Fitz?"

"I should be delighted to assist you, Miss Hildyard," said that young gentleman, who labored under the delusion that he was gifted with no mean histrionic powers.

Flora hesitated.

Her cousin, she saw, meant to remain where he was.

Should she ask the O'Ferra to join the company, and so break up the circle?

No; she would try some other means; so she accepted young Fitzhall's assistance and walked off.

"I wish your banjo were not broken, I should so much have enjoyed hearing you play!" remarked Nellie.

"I have no doubt it will be all right after a night's rest," replied Teddie calmly. "It is a shame to try to turn a fellow out of a comfortable chair, to stand in the middle of the room twanging a banjo, and looking the counterpart of an idiot!"

"Then it is not very bad?" said Nellie, raising her eyebrows and looking at him with laughing eyes.

"Indeed, it is only you who are suffering and not the instrument," she added, with a saucy smile.

"I am rewarded beyond my deserts then, for you see I had my own way," he said.

"But would you listen to me, I wonder," he continued, looking straight into her beautiful gray eyes, as if he were trying to find some answer to his thoughts there, "if I brought my romantic instrument to you one day, and sang—

"'Come, love—come; won't you come along with me?'"

The words were like the careless Teddie: but the tone of his voice—ah, how it thrilled through Nellie's heart!

She had never heard any voice sound so sweet before.

Was he really only amusing himself? she wondered, with a throb of pain, as she cast a quick glance at his face.

He did not appear to be making fun, and his handsome red-brown eyes were bent upon her with an expression that made her avert her own from him.

But pride, of which the girl had even more than her share, made her answer—

"Val and I should enjoy it immensely."

"I should not sing it for Val!" he said, with an impatient sigh.

"You should know the only person to whom I would ever sing it," he added reproachfully, taking her fan and opening and closing it absently.

"Now, Nellie, come along!" cried Sir Wilton, coming up to them, greatly to the girl's relief; and the bulk of the company went into the hall to see the wonderful theatrical performance.

The performance—considering it had been got up in less than half an hour—was very creditable.

Captain Fane was really a clever amateur while Flora and Mrs. Brooke quite distinguished themselves.

Dick was a mere stick; but, if he never said a word, he posed well, and was very obedient.

Mr. Monteith played badly, for, when before the footlights—a row of candles—he spent his time watching two figures in the second row of arm-chairs.

When Flora, as Lady Cloncelvetty, signalled to her footman, it was not—as she told him afterwards—for him to dash across the stage and offer her his arm.

As for young Fitzhall, he, assisted by the powerful imaginations of some of the ladies who, it was to be feared, were amusing themselves at he poor lad's expense, was very uncertain towards the end of the evening as to whether he was most adapted for a tragedian or a comedian, some having assured him that he was an excellent tragedian, whilst others agreed that he was perfect as a comedian.

He appealed to Nellie for her opinion, and she told him with a merry laugh that she considered him "neither the one nor the other, but simply original."

* * * * *

"Oh, dear, I am so tired!" yawned little Mrs. Brooke, as she stood saying good night.

"I suppose those men mean to stay hours yet in the smoke-room. Nellie darling, do come to my room and have a quiet chat."

"With pleasure," returned Nellie, "when I have been to tuck up my boy. Poor old man," she said, looking down at the little face lying on her shoulder, "he is awfully tired!"

Val's only answer was to draw his arms closer round the white neck.

Nellie had caught him at the foot of the stairs, and he was too tired to remonstrate against being carried off when she raised him in her slender arms.

She left him to his nurse, and, returning in a few minutes in her soft rose-colored dressing-gown, she found him fast asleep.

"He was off before his little head touched the pillow," said his nurse, who was just as much the boy's slave as his mother; she was also, strange to say, a strong partisan of Nellie's.

"Now, dear," cried Mrs. Brooke, as her new found friend entered her room, "take that cosy chair, and begin at the beginning and tell me all about it."

"Immediately," replied Nellie, "if you will tell me what 'it' embraces?"

"Oh, everything! But, first, my darling, just a word of warning.

"I saw you talking half the evening to Teddie Galbraith; and, though he is a charming dear fellow, he is a shocking flirt so you must be careful, love, and not let him run away with your heart.

"Now, you don't mind my saying this, do you?"—and the little woman was really sincere in wishing to speak for Nellie's good, knowing that Teddie was accredited with the character of one who "loves, and rides away."

And what more natural, she thought, than that he should amuse himself with the governess?—she was really a most lovely little thing.

Nellie colored deeply at her companion's words; but she managed to laugh as she replied—

"Ah, well, Eva, I shall remember your warning!"

"Yes, that is right. I was always fond of Teddie, he is droll; but it is as well to know his little ways, is it not?

"Now Colin Monteith"—watching Nellie as she spoke—"is very nice, something like my dear Dick."

Long after she had left Mrs. Brooke, Nellie stood by her window, thinking over the events of the last few days, and what a difficult position hers was here.

Brought forward by Sir Wilton and Lady Hildyard as much as they dared, held back and snubbed by Flora as much as she could poor Nellie was often much perplexed as to which path she should walk.

Especially as, until she left Ireland, her whole life had known no restraint.

But what rankled most in the girl's mind were Mrs. Seymour-Brooke's cruel, if kind, words about Mr. Galbraith.

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes glistened with unshed tears, as she thought them over.

To-night then, when he was leaning over her sofa, his eyes fixed upon her face, and his voice murmuring softly in her ear, was he only amusing himself?

He should never have the chance again, she determined, setting her pretty white teeth.

Nobody should flirt pour passer le temps with an O'Ferra of Castle O'Ferra!

CHAPTER VI.

UNTIL silence reigned over Warden Chase on the afternoon following Christmas Day.

Lady Hildyard accompanied by her daughter and several of the guests, had driven off to make calls at some of the neighboring country-houses, and indulge in unlimited gossip and four-o'clock tea.

Of the rest of the party, the gentlemen were out, and the ladies had retired either for a little undisturbed rest or to consult with their maids on the important subject of the toilette.

The Countess of Harley had sent, early in the afternoon, to beg for the society of Val, to join her little people in a good romp; and Nellie had seen him off in high spirits, and then returned to the study and her book.

"I wonder where the other volume is?" she at length exclaimed, aloud, as she closed the one on her lap.

"I believe Eva took it into the morning-room.

"There would be time to read a few chapters before the light goes; so I think I will just go and institute a search for it while everybody is out," she thought, as she rose.

There was no one in the morning-room, and Nellie soon found what she sought amidst a heap of Mrs. Dick's fancy-work, and was retreating to her own little sanctum when of one the drawing-room doors was opened, and Miss Gardiner looked out.

"Ah, this is lucky!" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of Nellie.

"Do come in and sit with me a little while, my dear Miss O'Ferra," she continued.

"I had such a dreadful headache, I was obliged to stay in the house, and, now that it is better, I am weary of my own society."

Nellie willingly followed the Honorable Eustachia into the room, and they had both ensconced themselves in luxurious lounge-chairs on either side of the fire, and were beginning to discuss the latest novels, when the door was again opened, and Mr. Galbraith appeared.

As soon as he saw by whom the room was tenanted, he promptly advanced, exclaiming—

"How uncommonly comfortable you look! May I join you?"

The words were addressed to Miss Gardiner; but his eyes were turned on Nellie. She had given a slight start at the sound of his voice, and then looked steadily into the fire.

"Of course you may," replied Miss Gardiner, in her clear loud voice, "provided you can amuse us. Why are you at home so early?"

"Birds very shy," replied the young man still watching from the corner of his eye the graceful figure of the girl he loved, and almost envying the firelight as it played over her white throat and flickered on her golden head.

"The other fellows were going on to Kennard's, so I came here."

Teddie pulled up a chair and sank lazily into it as he spoke.

Presently a tall footman entered with tea, and then, after a few minutes' further chat, Miss Gardiner rose, saying that her head still felt rather stupid.

She thought she would go to her room and lie down until dinner-time.

"And I must go and write some letters," said Nellie quickly, for she felt that she could not bear the sweet torment of a tete-a-tete with Teddie, especially after her warning of last night, as, with a pang, she remembered Eva's words—"he is a shocking flirt!"

Perhaps it was this thought that made her so obdurate to the pleading look on Teddie's face, as she said—

"Are you both going? This is really cruel! If Miss Gardiner must go, won't you stay a little longer?" he added, turning to Nellie.

"No; I must go," she answered steadily, though with a smile to soften her refusal.

She knew that, if she did not go at once, she should yield to the strong desire that possessed her, and linger on in the pleasant firelight with the man whom, she no longer concealed from herself, she loved.

But she could hardly bear his pained reproachful look as he held open the door for them, and she had no sooner entered the study than she began to regret her decision.

After all, why should she not have remained in the drawing-room?

"I am dreadfully silly," thought the girl despondently.

"Sometimes, when I look at him, he seems in earnest; but then—— If Flora had come in, what would she have said? I ought not to mind her; but she does say such cruel things."

Meanwhile, Mr. Galbraith, left to himself, went back to the fire, and, leaning his arms on the mantelpiece, gazed gloomily into its friendly light.

"It is as I thought," he soliloquised: "she cares nothing for me. And yet last night I almost hoped—— Nellie, my darling, how can I have frightened you? I never meant to do so, yet you positively shrank away from me at the door. I should not wonder if Flora has been meddling!" he exclaimed suddenly, in a tone of relief.

"It would be just like her. However, I will put a stop to all this, and know my fate.

"I will write to Nellie to-night, and ask her to fix a meeting, and give me my answer to-morrow."

Full of this idea, he went straight to the library, as the least-disturbed room in the house.

But the letter was a more difficult matter than he imagined.

Strange though it may seem, although Mr. Galbraith had flirted in his careless way with so many girls, he had never been in love before he saw Nellie O'Ferra.

He was still sitting frowning at the writing-table and wishing he could see Nellie herself, if only for five minutes, when the door opened, and Miss Hildyard entered.

"You here, Teddie?" she said, in affected surprise, for, as she had passed along the dark terrace, she had seen distinctly into the lighted room, and had, really come in to see what her cousin was doing.

"Whom have you been writing to?" she inquired, coming close up to him, and trying to get a playful peep at his correspondence.

"What on earth does it matter to you?" returned Mr. Galbraith, abruptly closing the blotting-book.

"Go and take off your wraps, Flo, and leave me to write in peace," he added, with the cousinly candor he had always used to Flora since they had been boy and girl together.

Miss Hildyard saw that there was nothing more to be gained by lingering.

She had found out what she wanted to know.

So, with an angry toss of her head, she departed.

A few minutes later, Mr. Galbraith came into the hall, and, putting some letters into the post-bag, proceeded to the smoke-room.

Directly afterwards, Flora, who had been watching her cousin over the balustrade at the top of the stairs, came tripping softly down, and, with a guilty glance round, stole quietly to where the bag—a stout leather one, upon which was emblazoned Sir Wilton's crest—was always hung for the convenience of the Baronet's family and guests.

Looking cautiously round every minute, Flor opened the bag, and hastily began to look amongst the letters for her cousin's well-known handwriting.

Once or twice she thought she heard some one approach, and then she had to drop all the letters back, and move a little way off until the footsteps died slowly away.

At last it was evident that she had found what she was in quest of, for her eyes shone with a cruel light, and a smothered "Ah!" escaped her lips as she eagerly picked out one letter from all the rest.

So her surmise had been correct then.

He had actually been writing to that detestable girl, she thought, as she turned the envelope over in her hands, and examined the direction and the seal—Mr. Galbraith's own signet.

"I am only just in time. But she shall never have it—never!" she muttered half-aloud, between her clenched teeth, as she held it up to the light to try if that would make any clearer the words within, which she was burning to peruse.

So absorbed was she that she never heard the quick steps behind her, and started with a little cry of terror when a strong brown hand came suddenly over her shoulder and closed over her own, in which was the letter while a voice, so hard and cold that she could scarcely recognize it at first as Teddie's, exclaimed—

"What are you doing, Flora? Give me that letter at once."

By a quick movement Flora eluded her cousin's grasp, turning fiercely round upon him, cried—

"How dare you speak to me like that, Teddie?

"I came down to put a letter into the bag and in doing so one of my rings slipped in.

"I had been looking for it, and was just seeing if my letter was properly fastened, when you interrupted me so rudely."

"Don't tell me any more falsehoods, and give me that letter," said Mr. Galbraith, in the same hard voice as before, whilst his chest heaved with suppressed passion, and his eyes, fixed upon Flora's flushed and guilty face, glittered dangerously as he spoke.

"I shall not listen to you!" answered Flora, in great excitement, as she endeavored to pass him.

But Teddie only moved to prevent her, reiterating—

"Give me that letter!"

"Where is the harm if I choose to take Miss O'Ferra her letters myself?" cried Miss Hildyard, throwing off all disguise, and looking defiantly at her cousin, who, without speaking, continued to hold out his hand.

"It can make no difference to you, and she will get them all the sooner," she added.

"I doubt it," said Mr. Galbraith quietly.

"Look here, Teddie!" exclaimed Flora, after a moment's irresolute pause. "Do not let us quarrel over such an insignificant thing——"

"Insignificant!" cried Mr. Galbraith, in amazement.

"If you call stealing letters out of the post-bag an insignificant thing, I wonder what you will call an important thing?

"Pray, is it your usual habit to inspect the correspondence of your father's guests?"

Flora winced as though from a blow at the cruel candor of his words.

She still kept the letter crumpled up in her hand, and, directly he paused, she continued with undiminished spite—

"Nonsense! The fact is, Teddie, you are a little bit smitten with Val's governess, and have been so foolish as to write to her.

"Now, I daresay by the end of the week you will be heartily tired of it all, and wish you had never committed yourself so far——"

"Allow me to be the best judge of that," interrupted Teddie, losing all patience at this allusion to Nellie.

"Therefore I will keep this," concluded Flora, showing a corner of the envelope as she spoke, "for a few days, while you think it quietly over; then, if you have not changed your mind, I will give it back to you."

Flora made this audacious proposal in a half-pleading, half-defiant manner.

She thought that, if she could only gain a little time, she might be able to arrange matters to please herself.

For a moment Mr. Galbraith stood still, struck perfectly dumb by his cousin's coolness in parleying with him thus; but only for a moment.

Then he advanced towards her, his deep voice quivering with anger, as he said sternly—

"Once more, will you give me that letter? If you do not, I shall have to take it from you."

Miss Hildyard hesitated, and then gave a quick glance at Teddie.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Seeing a Ghost.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

MY very particular chum, Adolphus Browne, and I had put up for the night at a small, but respectable lodging-house in the outskirts of the town of Dalton.

We were on our way home from Oxford, and were looking forward to the long vacation.

As we lived only a few miles from each other, we of course traveled together.

We had been foolish enough to miss our train, and found that it was impossible to continue the journey until the next morning.

Funds being particularly low at the time, we decided not to go to a hotel, but to hunt up a private lodging-house conducted on economical principles.

We were fortunate in discovering one which seemed exactly what we wanted, and, after taking a short stroll in the immediate neighborhood, we shut ourselves into the cosy sitting room, and tried hard to while away the weary hours before bedtime, as best we might, with a chat over our cigars.

After discussing for the hundredth time the improbability of little Graham getting a "double first," and the probability of Martin being "plucked"—we relapsed into silence, and I should not like to say for certain that I had not just waked up from—say thirty-nine and a half winks—when Adolphus said suddenly—

"I say, Tommy, did you ever see a real ghost?"

Before I relate my answer to this question, I must pause for a moment to say that my real name is not Tommy, but Theodore Oudenarde Malplaquet Mortimer!

The second and third appellations were bestowed upon me in memory of my maternal great-grandfather, who distinguished himself in those famous battles, in the first of which he lost an eye and in the second an arm.

I can testify to this latter fact, as for many years of my life I sat opposite, every day at dinner, to a full-length oil-painting of my worthy ancestor, executed after the engagements before mentioned; which portrait ever inspired my childish soul with feelings akin to horror and aversion.

Not for worlds would I have been left alone in that dining-room with that gorgon-like countenance glaring down upon me; though, it is true, my great-grandfather's remaining eye occupied the usual position of left eyes in general, and was not situated in the middle of his forehead.

Well, much as I detested this portrait in my early youth, I conceived a still greater dislike for my relative on finding myself for the first time at college, and many and many a time have I anathematised the battles of Oudenarde and Malplaquet from the bottom of my heart.

For, leaving what I suffered from the absurdity of the names out of the question, it will be easily understood that my initials forming a considerable portion of the delightful name of Tommy, it was not very long before the latter was universally bestowed upon me, and Tommy I have remained to this day.

"What's in a name?" said Juliet of immortal fame.

But then she was in love, you know, or she would never, I feel sure, have made such a foolish remark.

But let us return to our ghost.

"Well," said I, in answer to my friend's query, "it all depends on what you call a ghost."

"Aw!" said Adolphus, stroking his moustache reflectively, from which expression and gesture I knew he was somewhat bothered for a reply, but didn't wish to appear so.

"A ghost is—well—aw! I believe it is generally supposed to be something bearing a striking resemblance to the human form, but not exactly made of flesh and blood—aw! Isn't that it, Tommy?"

"Very good indeed, Dollie, my boy! Then I have seen a ghost; dozens of them, in fact!"

"Shivers!" said Adolphus, expressively. "Should you have any objection to repeating the circumstances, for the benefit of such a very incredulous mortal as myself?"

"Certainly not—with the greatest of pleasure, if you don't think it will make you nervous, eh?"

"Nervous? dear me, no! Proceed, I beg."

"Well," said I, drawing my chair closer to the fire, and pretending not to notice that Adolphus cast a furtive glance over his shoulder towards a rather suspicious-looking cupboard behind him. "Well, rather curiously it happened on just such another occasion as this" (here Adolphus opened his mouth, but shut it again without speaking), "but before your day, old fellow—poor little Briggs was with me then. You've heard of him—died in a lunatic asylum, you know."

Adolphus shivered visibly.

"He was all right then, of course, and as sensible a little chap as you'd meet anywhere.

"We found ourselves, as I have said, in a similar position to the present, only it was in a lodging in a very secluded village, or rather the house was situated some quarter of a mile away from the village, on the edge of a common.

"It was the first we had come to as we trudged along from the little station at K——, and happily, for it was already growing dark, the owner was able to accommodate us.

"We retired to rest at an early hour, good-natured Briggs putting up with a little box of a room leading out of my room.

"I have reasons of my own for knowing that he was speedily asleep—but alas! there was no peace for me on that eventful night.

"First of all, a whole army of rats or mice, or probably both, were continuously enacting, for the first two or three hours, a modern edition of those battles the remembrance of which is ever present with me, though in a very shadowy form.

"Then, too, the wind was very high, and the rattling of the window-panes was simply maddening.

"At last tried beyond all endurance, I jumped up, and groped my way to the offending casement, intending to attempt, if possible, to wedge it, when—mice, rats, window, everything else was forgotten in the extraordinary and frightful sight that met my eyes.

"Everything forgotten, did I say? No, there is one thing, which in some way or other is ever rendering itself obnoxious to me.

"Was I never to hear or see the last of those detestable victories of Oudenarde and Malplaquet?

"But this was certainly beyond anything I had ever thought of!

"Why in the world couldn't the spirits of those gallant soldiers haunt the scenes of their early combat, instead of disturbing an innocent man's slumbers?

"It was a dark night, but every now and then a faint, unearthly glimmer seemed to overspread the scene, which enabled me to discern, drawn up in battle array, many rows of headless warriors, clad in white, struggling, wrestling, throwing up their arms as if in mortal agony, and dealing furious blows at one another as though engaged in deadly warfare.

"But perhaps the oddest thing of all was that as I stood looking on, rooted to the spot by a strange fascination, one after another of the warriors appeared to be drawn down, down, down, until I completely lost sight of them.

"The last that disappeared had, or seemed to have, but one arm, and if he had had a head at all, which he had not, no doubt I should have imagined it to be my great-grandfather.

"I returned to bed at last, mentally resolving that nothing should prevent a speedy departure on the morrow.

"I must say that I think I displayed considerable courage in not waking Briggs, nor in rousing the household.

"However, the morning came at last, and over rashers of smoked bacon and hot coffee I treated Briggs to a minute account of the night's proceedings, after which he quite agreed with me that it would be advisable to decamp forthwith.

"So directly after breakfast we took a hasty farewell of our good landlady, who, I must mention had appeared considerably flustered, and whose eyes bore evident traces of tears, but, we of course, refrained from making any remarks to her on the subject.

"Hardly had we got outside the door of the cottage than Briggs happened to look back, whereupon he burst into a most uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Not a word of explanation could I get from him; for all reply he pointed to the window of the little sitting-room, on the opposite side of the door to the apartment we had occupied during our brief, but never-to-be-forgotten sojourn.

"I was beginning to feel considerably nettled at this—as I thought—uncalled-for hilarity, when, in an interval of comparative calm, Briggs said in a quavering voice, once more pointing to the window, where all that was visible to my eyes was a square piece of cardboard—'Read that!'

"I stepped nearer, I read, and this was the result:

"'Mrs. Crump, Laundress.
Mangling done here.
Open-air Drying Ground.'

"It was enough! I quietly pursued my way, and Briggs, good fellow, spared my feelings, and never, that I am aware of, related my first, and I trust last, experience of ghosts; though I have noticed more than once that at the mention of those supernatural beings he would be suddenly seized with a violent cold in his head, and would bury his face in his pocket-handkerchief for the space of several seconds.

"Poor old chap! It is sad to think of his melancholy end.

"The dragging-down before mentioned of those headless soldiers into the depths below, was doubtless a great loss to poor Mrs. Crump, for I happened to read not long afterwards that two men had been convicted of robbery in that neighborhood, the chief of their plunder consisting of the spoils of an 'Open-air Drying-Ground,' not far from the station of K——."

"Well!" said Adolphus, when I had finished this thrilling narrative; "what a sell!"

"How so, old boy? Does not what I saw last night answer exactly to your definition of a ghost?"

"Aw," replied my friend. "Aw—isn't it time to go to bed?"

If you want to find a good logician, go to your tailor. The other day one of these fractions of the human family was heard to remark: "I never ask a gentleman for money." "But suppose he doesn't pay you?" "Well, if he doesn't pay me within a reasonable time, I conclude he is 'not' a gentleman—and then I ask him.

Scientific and Useful.

GLASS.—Glass is becoming fashionable as a protection to oil paintings, and as a safeguard against moths and damp, the backs of valuable pictures are covered with rubber cloth.

WARTS.—A French physician reports that he has removed a large crop of warts occurring on the hands of a patient by giving daily a ten-grain dose of calcined magnesia in the morning before breakfast.

COLDS.—A gargle made of strong black tea, and used cold, night and morning, is now the fashionable preventive in London against falling a victim of sore throat during the cold winds of spring and similar "cold spells" at other times of the year.

THE SEA.—An aeronaut says in the voyage across the English channel the land lay behind like a map, and the bottom of the sea could be clearly seen. It may be assumed that by instantaneous photography the time will come when charts of the sea may be made with perfect exactness, thus greatly diminishing the dangers of navigation.

PAPER BAROMETERS.—Paper barometers were first introduced from Paris, and can be made by soaking the paper in a solution of chloride of cobalt. It then becomes susceptible to damp. If it is now exposed to a current of air it will change from blue to pink, according as the air becomes moist, regaining the blue as the moisture decreases.

BURNS.—A Chicago paper recommends the following for the cure of severe scalds and burns: Cover the injured parts freely with soft soap. If the burn be severe apply soon after linseed oil, with a plentiful dressing of flour. This cakes on, and fresh oil and flour can be added. When this covering falls off a new skin will have formed, and no scar left.

CAST-IRON TOOLS.—At a recent meeting of an English mechanical institution, there was examined some cast-iron chilled tools, the exhibitor stating that with such tools, the cost of which he showed to be merely nominal, he was able to turn cast and wrought iron and gun metal at from 50 to 100 per cent. higher speed than with tools made from steel. Surprise was expressed that such tools were not in more general use.

COPPER ROOFING.—The durability of copper roofing is shown by the fact that no sign of deterioration are yet visible in those instances in Boston in which forty years ago this material was thus employed. The metal is said to be still much used in that city for cornices, gutters and rain water pipes, as well as for covering bay windows, and in various other ways, in place of galvanized iron, the latter being inferior in beauty and durability and not very much cheaper. The copper has also the additional advantage of needing no paint.

Farm and Garden.

FOOD.—Musty food is not safe, as many diseases may be traced to the use of such.

HOGS.—Fattening store hogs or other animals may profitably be commenced this month. Every pound of corn fed now will count as much as two in November. Besides, animals that are not penned will run off a good deal of fat.

THE HORSE.—When a horse is troubled with indigestion it should not have a large quantity of hay or grain. Oat meal is the best food, being easily digestible. Feeding often, with a small quantity each meal, is better than a large quantity at once.

MAKING CHEESE.—In making cheese, the full heat in scalding should be reached very gradually. To suddenly heat a cube of curd is to contract the pores so that the whey and gas of the interior are not fully liberated, and going into the cheese cause bad effects.

STRAW.—The preservation of straw for feeding purposes is very important. It is best secured at or immediately after thrashing time. The chaff, especially of wheat straw, is most valuable and should so far as possible be distributed through the stack. That which is left in rear of the straw carrier should be put under shelter, as it rots easily.

HAYSTACKS.—To prevent haystacks firing, scatter a few handsful of common salt between each layer. The salt, by absorbing the humidity of the hay, not only prevents its fermentation and consequent heating, but it also adds a salty taste to this forage, which all cattle like; besides, it stimulates the appetite and assists their digestion, and so preserves them from many diseases.

POULTRY.—The greater the number of fowls in a place the greater the chances for loss from disease and accidents. While one man may own a great many fowls, he cannot succeed unless he manages to give about as much care and watchfulness to every twenty or thirty as he would to a single flock of that size. It is just there that most ambitious poultrymen, aiming to do something large, make their mistake.

ROOT CROPS.—Root crops which often demand the use of the hoe, cause the land to be kept very clean, thus destroying weeds. It is best to put down such crops occasionally for the purpose, as they are important in a proper system of rotation, and also prove remunerative crops as compared with other kinds. A crop that assists in destroying weeds saves labor the following year, and is therefore more valuable than may be supposed in some respects.

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ON GIVING IT UP.

"There's an awful lot of stick in me," said a Yankee youth to a chum; "the limpet is not in it when it comes to a competition."

Now, it is just this sticking at it, pegging away, trying a new thing if an old one will not answer, and never giving up the struggle for success, that invariably lies back of success.

Look at this man, who is out at the elbows, with a battered hat and tattered shoes. He has been giving it up, you may depend upon it.

You can see his history all over him, as plainly as if he had written it in capital letters, printed it on white calico, and made a suit of clothes of it.

He was well educated at a public school, went to college, and was intended for a profession. But he couldn't tag, as he said. He gave it up.

Family misfortunes came. He had to turn out and do something; but the only art he had learned was that of "giving it up."

He was put on a sheep farm; he gave it up. He found a position in a large store; he gave it up. He has been a hack-driver in the city—"too much exposure," he says—he gave it up.

The habit is now confirmed, and he cannot stick at anything. He drifts and eddies about like a dried leaf.

"What are you doing now, James?" The question is put in a coaxing kind of way, with just a dash of irony in it. James is busy over shorthand. "What! given up your French?" Yes; he had found that French required a native master, and he could not obtain one.

Drop in upon James in three months' time, and James will tell you that he considers shorthand useless; and the probabilities are that you will find him taking lessons in drawing.

In another three months or so James will be devoting his whole energies to a bicycle. The pleasure of "giving it up" is so great that he cannot resist it.

"He's a wonderfully clever boy," says his Aunt Jane, with whom he lives; "always at something new." And clever, but only clever, he will remain to the end of the chapter.

It is only things hurtful and bad that anybody need give up; and the fewer things anyone is called upon to surrender the better. "Given up walking," says the man of middle age to his young and eager friends. "I can't do as well as I used to, and it makes me so hot."

This is scarcely wise, unless some other form of vigorous exercise be taken. A moderate amount of exercise is good for everybody.

"Given up reading—all but newspapers," says another middle-aged, stout-growing man. Quite a mistake, my dear sir. If the mind is not well exercised, memory fails, and reasoning power relaxes, the intelligence is dimmed.

"Given up ordinary young women's pursuits," says the Blue-stocking. Another mistake. A cultivated woman should be as full of womanliness as the rest of her sex.

"Given up my half-holiday, now I'm so busy." Ah, my good man, you will have to take many half holidays if you wait until you absolutely want them. Hence, it will be seen, there is a good deal in the art of knowing what to give up, and what to stick to.

If at any time there comes a disposition to think "giving it up" generally is a good thing, especially with young people, the best tonic—and one is surely needed—is a little biography.

Inventors, discoverers, eminent manufacturers, self educated men of all kinds—artists, poets, writers,—what an immense amount of comment, illustration, and romance they supply us on the simple theme of "giving it up!"

SANCTUM CHAT.

FORTY years ago there was not a telegraph office in existence, and the telephone as a medium of communication was undreamed of. To-day there are 51,840 telegraph offices in various portions of the world, and they are constantly increasing.

—

AN analyst, whose reports on the London water supply are often quoted, states, with emphasis, that "the presence of normal, healthy sewage in the drinking water is not injurious to health, its only effect being to cause those who drink it to become fat"—certainly one of the nastiest aspects of practical sanitation.

—

THE Imperial Government of Germany has detected an extensive adulteration of leather. It is accomplished by soaking the tanned hides in glucose and drying them, which adds to their weight and apparent solidity, and increases their value. It was detected by soaking the leather in water for twenty-four hours.

—

"ONE cause of extreme nervousness of women," says a health paper, "is being too much in darkness when indoors." The rooms are kept dark to save the carpets and keep out the flies, and the occupants lack the benefit of fresh air and sunshine. Houses from which the sun is excluded are notably unwholesome.

—

THE German soldiers are the proudest in Europe. The army is considered a school for its 500,000 young men. They are never compelled to do menial work. A Prussian officer who would compel a soldier to do the work of a servant would be cashiered. Some of the rich German private soldiers keep servants of their own.

—

A curious question has been decided in a New York court, the novel feature of which was the contest between a horse car conductor and a passenger as to whether the passenger was obliged to hand his fare to the conductor or might throw it on the seat and point it out to him. The court decided that the fare must be handed to the conductor.

—

THE Sheffield, Eng., School Board have under cultivation in a local nursery no less than 10,000 plants, which they will distribute among the school children under their control. The collection comprises varieties of balsams, double petunias, musk, fuchsias, and zonal pelargoniums. The intention is that the children, after keeping the plants for five or six weeks, should take them to one central place for exhibition, and that prizes should be awarded those who bring them up in the best condition.

—

AN English inventor has devised and patented a machine for taking care of babies without the intervention of a nurse-maid. It is called the "thermostatic nurse," and is described are an artificially warmed and a thoroughly ventilated box, in which a crib or hamper with a baby in it can be kept at an even temperature, varying only one degree from the standard decided upon.

—

IT is estimated that if it cost but ten minutes to add one scrap to a crazy quilt of 9,000 scraps, and this is an allowance far too small, the quilt represents an outlay of 15,000 hours, during which the maker, if she really cared for decorative art, might have acquired a remunerative skill in it, might have mastered a language, or might have learned housekeeping.

—

THE Chinese troops are uniformed in the hues of the rainbow, besides black and white. Imagine one hundred laundrymen in scarlet blouses and royal purple trousers drawn up in line, adjoining them a company in pure white, then a company in bright green, then one in light blue, and you have a Chinese regiment. When they are on the march they lift up their feet like cats in the snow.

—

A JEWELER of St. Louis has rendered himself an object of interest by selling garters with bells attached. Depending from each garter is a tiny silver bell, shaped like a sleigh bell. "The tintinnabulation of this pretty pendant," says the jeweler's advertisement," "sounds delightfully melodious. Ladies wearing these garters are accompanied by a musical tinkle as they glide gracefully along."

—

"THERE are millions of farms in France containing from a quarter of an acre to four acres," writes a correspondent from Dijon. "I find that about an acre and a half is about all the most ambitious man wants. The rent for land is always one-half the crop. The land is worth about $400 an acre, or, if in grape vines, $600. This is why France is like a garden. In England there are 227,000 land owners; in France there are 7,000,000 land owners."

—

THE Working-women's Protective Union of New York has spent in the twenty years of its existence $65,000 to conduct seven thousand prosecutions for frauds upon working girls. In this way $25,000 of wages have been collected that never would have been paid otherwise. These expenses are borne by the voluntary donations of those who approve of helping those who help themselves in a hard fight against life and the temptations which beset them.

—

AN effort to check begging, recently made in Liverpool, brought to light a college of beggary, in which pupils of all ages were taught how to pursue the art in a scientific way. The proprietor was a member of the "profession," and amassed a considerable fortune. The school was well attended, many young children especially being sent there by their parents, who were chiefly of the criminal class. Many of the pupils' parents not being able to pay for the tuition of their children, the "professor" appropriated the clothing and money brought in by his students until he was recompensed for his services.

—

THE report of Hon. John Eaton, Commissioner of Education for 1882-'83, places the number of children of school age in the United States at 16,243,822, of whom 10,613,826 are enrolled in public schools. It is estimated that there are 570,000 in private schools. The number of teachers in the public schools is 293,204, and their salaries range from $31 a month in Alabama to $76 paid to women in Nevada, and $102 paid to men in Massachusetts. Massachusetts and Connecticut are the only States where there seems to be much efficiency in enforcing laws for compulsory education, though such laws have been passed in twenty different States.

—

THE number of types used in an ordinary newspaper is about 600,000; that is the actual number of bits of metal arranged for each paper in preparing a newspaper of that size for the press. Few people think of the printing trade as one of the most exact and particular handicrafts; but it is. In making type, variations that might be allowed in the finest machinery would render type useless. The most elaborate and carefully-fitted piece of work ever made in other very particular skilled labor does not compare, for minuteness of detail and accurate fitting, with that which the printer does every day. The man who does the first is looked upon as a marvel of skill, but if one hundred of his pieces are put in wrong side up or down, or turned around, it is not noticed in the general effect; if a printer in fitting ten times as many pieces together in a single day, puts one in the wrong way, everybody sees it, and is amazed at the stupid carelessness of those printers.

—

THE lost-key bureau—a scheme that reaches the very acme of Yankee ingenuity, is being established in Chicago. Membership in the union costs twenty-five cents a year, and each member is furnished with a brass tag for his key-ring, which bears the following inscription: "The finder will please return this bunch of keys to the Central Police Station and receive $1 reward." It is supposed that whenever a bunch of keys is lost by a member of the bureau, the finder, following the directions of the tag, will take it to the police station, where at a glance the name and address of the owner can be ascertained by comparing the tag number with the corresponding number of the book left in the custody of the police. The scheme has already been tried, and works like a charm. A bunch of keys left on the sidewalk recently was returned to the central station within an hour afterward.

—

OF man, it is observed by Homer that he is the most wretched, and by Addison and others that he is the merriest, animal in the creation; and both opinions are plausible, and both, perhaps, may be true. If, from the acuteness and delicacy of his perceptive powers, from his remembrance of the past, and his anticipation of what is to come; from his restless and creative fancy; and from the various sensibilities of his moral nature, man is exposed to many evils, both imaginary and real, from which the brutes are exempted, he does also from the same sources derive innumerable delights that are far beyond the reach of any other animal. That our pre-eminence in pleasure should thus, in some degree, be counterbalanced by our pre-eminence in pain, was necessary to exercise our virtue and wean our hearts from sublunary enjoyment; and that beings thus beset with a multitude of sorrows should be supplied from so many quarters with the means of comfort, is suitable to that benign economy which characterizes every operation of nature.

—

COMPARATIVELY few people possess uniformly cheerful dispositions. Most of us have our sad hours and moods. But, whatever his disposition, a man is bound by the laws of his own being, and by those of his social relations, to cultivate the virtue of cheerfulness assiduously and constantly. He has no more right to injure his neighbor's happiness than to interfere with his pecuniary property, and he cannot indulge in venting ill-humor or spleen, with gloomy forebodings or complaints, or even carrying a sad, sour, frowning visage, without sensibly diminishing the enjoyment or comfort of others, and thus infringing on their rights. Any individual who tries to do so can win himself from despondency and surliness. The power of enjoyment is in itself a faculty capable of improvement, and as practice always enhances power, it is a good thing to form the habit of enjoyment. It is not true that the sources of pleasure are few and rare, but it is sadly true that we pass them by unnoticed. We crave the excitement of business, politics or fashionable life, and forget the world of innocent enjoyment that we trample under foot. Nature and art offer their treasures in vain; the loveliness of childhood, the attractions of home, the real satisfaction of honest labor, the simple pleasure of little things, all plead for utterance, but we repulse them. How can we possess a cheerful spirit and glad heart when we scornfully despise our simple pleasures? Every innocent means of happiness should be welcomed, and gloomy thoughts persistently banished.

DIVIDED.

BY MORLEY.

Now the Spring comes up by the primrose way,
And the boughs are greening high over-head;
In the long green meadows the young lambs play
In the silver eves ere the day is dead;
'Gainst the light west wind all the young leaves shake,
And the throstle sings from the budding brake.

When the world is breathing of April airs
O'er the young green life in its garden blown,
When the cowslip springs and the wood-dove pairs,
Do you wander somewhere on earth alone?
Do you think of the time, but a year gone by,
When we walked together, dear—you and I—

When the world lay fair in the waning light
Of the dying day in the Spring that's gone—
When the birds sang low, and the west was bright,
And we stood and watched where the glory shone;
While we heard the reeds in the soft wind shake
Where the bald coot builds by the shallow lake—

Where the path runs down to the water's edge,
And the pollard willow dips in the wave,
Where the crowfoot creep through the tangled sedge
And the streamlet hurries to find a grave?
Still I see the gleam of that little rill
In the glow from a sky of daffodil.

In the evening calm, 'neath the yellow sky,
Through the twilight meadows I walk alone
Where we two walked oft in the Spring gone by;
And low in my heart do I make my moan.
Ah me for the cresta that stern Fate doth bow
And the gray waste lying 'twixt then and now!

The End of the Tryst.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

CHAPTER I.

SOME years ago there sat one afternoon in the parlor of a Devon farm-house, a middle-aged man and a girl of about twenty in earnest talk.

The walls of the room were low, and some heavy oak beams across the ceiling made it lower.

The room looked comfortable, and though all the furniture had seen service, the woodwork shone with the polish of daily friction, and the chintz coverings of the sofa and chairs were spotlessly clean.

A few prints in black frames hung on the walls, and the open door of a corner cupboard showed that it was full of rare old china.

A long low glass was hung over the fireplace.

A bowl filled with roses stood on the table—semi-single white roses with golden eyes, smelling so sweetly and looking so pure; roses of the past, for they are only to be seen now in a few old-fashioned country gardens.

The young girl, Mary Abbot, looked as fresh and as sweet as the roses did.

A letter lay in her lap, and every now and then she nervously unfolded and folded it again, while she talked.

There was a timid expression in her sweet face, but her low broad forehead, square brows and well-formed mouth, indicated a latent strength of will.

Her companion sat by the open window, looking into the pretty garden, gay just now with stocks and pansies and sweet-williams.

He was frowning, and the expression on his sunburnt face showed that he differed from the girl.

"You are very headstrong, Mary," he said.

She looked at him sweetly.

"I'm sorry I cannot do as you wish, uncle," she said. "I made a promise to Willie, and I must keep it, whatever happens to me.

"Don't fear for me"—the color flew into her cheeks, and a lovely light shone in her deep grey eyes—"I have such trust in him—why, the very feeling that I am going to meet him will keep me up in any trials that may happen on the way."

"And I say," her companion said doggedly, "what I said before. Somerfield ought not to expect you to go out to him. If he's as well off as he states, let him come and fetch you. You promised to go out to New York; he's a long way off New York now, and to my thinking, this change of place frees you from any promise you may have made."

"Ah, but uncle, my promise was to go when he sent for me," she said to him simply.

"Well, there's no use in arguing. I'm thinking of all you'll have to go through; but that you can't even guess at. It's ignorance makes you brave, my dear—if you would but——"

She interrupted him.

"It's no use talking, uncle; my mind is made up. I promise you I'll never leave dear Aunt Martha while she lives, and I hope she may be spared to us for some years yet; so you see there's no use in talking any more about it. I may not have to go to Willie for a long while."

"Well, I hope before the time comes he will have tired of waiting," her uncle said to himself.

Then he said to Mary—

"Has the doctor been here to-day?"

"No, but I am expecting him every moment."

"He tells me he has a bad opinion of my poor sister's chance. Well, my dear, I must be going home. Think over what I have said; I'll look in to-morrow, and hear what the Doctor says."

He took his departure.

The young girl went quietly up-stairs to her patient.

She felt very sad.

Her position was an extremely painful one.

She wished to stay with her sick aunt, and yet she longed to be with her lover in America.

More than a year ago, Mary Abbot's promised husband, the son of a neighboring farmer, had found himself unable to settle down to an agricultural life, and had gone to seek his fortune in America.

He went, against the wishes of his sweetheart and the advice of his friends; but his father, seeing how unsettled his son was, and how bent he was on going, at last consented, and gave him money for his passage, and promised to send out sufficient funds for a short stay in the United States.

His idea was that his son would soon grow discontented, and come back cured of his roving fancies.

At first the young man's letters praised everything that he saw, but gave very little hope that he would earn his own living.

His father said—

"Willie will be home before six months are out."

But by the time the six months had ended, Somerfield's letters had gradually changed.

He wrote that his luck had taken a big turn.

He had left New York and gone into partnership with several new friends of his.

At the year's end he wrote—

"We are doing a roaring trade, in fact, we are making money as fast as it can be made. In a few years I shall be a rich man."

But he made no answer to his father's question as to the nature of the business he was engaged in.

To Mary Abbot he wrote about his success in the new business in the same effusive style.

"I am looking forward," he wrote, "to having my dear little wife soon in the comfortable home I have got over here for her."

In this last letter, which had created the dispute between Mary and her uncle, he had urged her more strongly than ever before.

"I wish, my darling," the letter said, "that you would come to me at once. I am quite ready for you, but I know you won't leave your aunt while she lives. Perhaps it is wiser not to do so.

"Don't misunderstand me, my dear, when I say, remembering how delicate and ailing your aunt is, I feel the happy time can't be far off when I shall hold my darling Mary in my arms again.

"No disrespect to the old lady, be sure of that, far from it, but in course of nature it must be as I say—I hope my Mary will come to me the moment she is free—she cannot come too soon for her loving and devoted

"WILLIE."

That part of the letter relating to her aunt had given the girl much pain, for it seemed to her "very cruel and unfeeling when he knows how dearly I love aunt Martha."

And then her love found an excuse for him.

"It is his love for me," she thought, "his wish to see me that makes him selfish. I cannot expect him to love dear aunt as I do, and indeed"—she sighed as she remembered—"she was never very kind to poor Willie."

Ten days after the talk between Mary Abbot and her uncle, Aunt Martha was dead.

On her will being read it was found that, with the exception of a few trifling legacies to her brother John and to others, she had left her savings to her "dear niece Mary Abbot, who had been as a daughter to her."

She left her also some silver plate, and her furniture and other effects.

The sum of money left was nearly fifteen hundred dollars.

Mary wrote to her lover a few days after her aunt's loss.

She was full of grief.

"Now that my dearest aunt is gone I am very desolate. I have only you to care for me."

As soon as the will had been read she wrote again to tell her lover of her good fortune.

She asked his advice about it.

The first sorrow for her aunt was over, and her letter was full of love.

She told Somerfield she was ready to go to him, if he wished it, and to follow his advice in all things.

Her cheeks glowed and her sweet eyes had grown liquid as she wrote the last letter.

This letter had only been gone a fortnight, when she received her lover's answer to the announcement of her aunt's death.

It contained but a few words of condolence.

"Now, my darling," he wrote, "you will fly to me as soon as you have settled your affairs. I am transported with delight at the idea of seeing you.

"I feel sure that your aunt has left you all she had. Send me particulars forthwith, and I will then tell you what to do. Things are different over here, gold is more useful than bank-notes, and any other property should, without loss of time, be turned into cash."

Mary put down the letter.

She felt disgusted, it seemed to her that Willie showed too much keenness after money.

But her love soon excused him, and she went on reading the loving words which ended the letter.

"He's in business now," she thought, "and I believe business men get to think that making money and investing it is the one aim of life. It is no wonder that companionship with men of that sort has made my darling more worldly. Never mind, he'll soon get all right again when he has me with him."

Her cheeks flushed with delight at the thought of the happy life that lay before her.

Somerfield answered her second letter by next mail.

He congratulated her on her good luck, which he said was better than he had expected.

"You have got quite a nice little nest-egg," he said, "I hadn't a notion the old lady was so warm.

"Turn everything into cash," he went on, "and bring it over here as much as you can in gold. You had best carry it in a small bag, which you must not lose sight of.

"I am longing to see you, my dear, and I should like you to start by the next steamer from Liverpool.

"Write and tell me the name of the vessel as soon as you have taken your passage.

"I shall be waiting for you in New York, and as soon as we are married I will take you to the dear little home I have ready for you, my own Mary. I hope you will be pleased with it, darling. How proud I shall be pleased to see you in it, my own, dear little wife."

This part of the letter touched the girl so strongly, that she was not disposed to find fault with the beginning.

Somerfield ended by repeating his instructions about the money.

"You must not listen to the lawyer chap or to anybody. I am on the spot, and I must know best how it should be managed."

Mary, however, found herself obliged to consult the "lawyer chap" of the neighboring town.

She was of age, and the money had been left entirely to her.

There was no one who could interfere with her disposal of it.

The farm stock and furniture were disposed of.

By the time all was settled, Mary found that she possessed nearly two thousand dollars.

Her uncle had renewed his opposition to her departure, but Mary would not listen to him.

The lawyer heartily disapproved her plan of taking out her little fortune to the States, and suggested a very safe plan of investment.

But Mary shook her head.

"I am bound to follow out Mr. Somerfield's advice," she said; "he must have good reasons for giving it."

The lawyer smiled.

He was a great deal wiser than her uncle John.

He gave her his opinion, and then seeing that she had made up her mind, he said no more.

"There's no more use in arguing with a girl in love, than there would be in trying to get milk out of a flint," he said to himself.

Mary's preparations were soon completed and when she had written to tell her lover the name of the steamer, and the date fixed for starting, she said farewell to her friends, and set off for Liverpool.

CHAPTER II.

THE voyage passed pleasantly.

Mary proved herself an excellent sailor, and greatly enjoyed her sea experience.

She found, too, a pleasant friend in the captain of the steamer, who was by good luck a Devon man, and to whose care her uncle had commended her—for uncle John had relented, and proving himself better in deed than in word, had gone with her to Liverpool, and seen her safe on board the steamer.

The girl's good looks, her sweet ways, and unprotected position made the Captain take a very great interest in her from the first.

He was double her age, and though at first Mary was shy and reticent, she soon began to feel confidence in him, and one day she told him the story yet more fully than her uncle had done.

The captain shook his head and looked grave.

He did not like her lover's plan of taking her at once from New York into the interior.

"My dear young lady," he said, you must excuse my plain speaking, but I don't like Mr. Somerfield's plan

"I have heard no good of that part of the country; 'tis a wild uncivilised part, by no means fit for a delicate young woman—'tis only fit for men who are out seeking their fortunes, and who don't mind such rough living."

"Ah! but, sir," she answered, quickly, "you forget that I shall be well taken care of, and that I have a dear little home waiting for me."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"That all looks pretty on paper, my dear—excuse the liberty of calling you so—and I don't doubt it from that point; but I have heard several queer stories from those parts, and I fancy those that go there are not to be envied."

"I'm sure Mr. Somerfield would not take me where I shall not be comfortable and happy."

Mary tossed her pretty head.

"I don't mind roughing it a bit, so 'long as—as——," she stopped, blushing like a rose.

"So long as he's with you. I understand," the captain laughed. "Quite right and proper, no doubt; still, human nature is human nature, and we mustn't put too big a strain on it."

Mary pressed her lips closely, and shook her head.

"I'm not afraid, sir. I am not so delicate as I look, and I've done plenty of work in my time, and if needful, why, I can do it again."

The captain's eyes were full of deep admiration, as he answered—

"That I'd take my oath on, my dear girl. It's you delicate ones that have the pluck; you'll go till you drop. I know, bless you; but, all the same, a man oughtn't to put it on you to rough it."

At this she pouted a little, and turned away from her kind friend.

She thought he meant well, but—"Well, he presumes on my confidence; I have been too open, perhaps."

Then she sighed softly to herself—

"Bother the men, they are all alike. Talk of women being spiteful, indeed; I am sure men have been horribly mean about my Willie. Well, the best excuse for this one is that he's never seen him, so how can he judge?"

By the time she had taken two turns up and down, the captain was beside her again.

"Beg pardon, Miss Abbot," he said, "but we shall soon be in sight of the harbor, and I want to talk to you about that precious bag."

By her uncle's advice Mary had given her treasure into the captain's charge, and he had told her it was safe in his own cabin.

"Keep it, captain," she said, "till you can give it up to Mr. Somerfield along with me."

He smiled.

"I like to see your confidence, but still things happen which no one can guard against—something might delay your friend a day or so," then, as he saw her sweet face sadden at his words, he added, "although I don't doubt but what he's in New York waiting for you by this time. Still it may not be so, especially as our passage has been a short one."

"Well?" Mary said.

"I am coming to that," the captain was amused at her impatience, "it's just possible you'll have to stay at a hotel till he arrives, and in that case I advise you to take out, before we land, some money for expenses, and I'll give the bag in charge of the landlord where you lodge."

"I know Willie will be waiting for me," Mary said.

But she saw the reasonableness of this advice and, after a few more words, she went with the captain to his cabin, and took out a sufficient sum to provide for several days' stay in New York.

She did this in simple obedience to the captain.

"But I'm sure I shan't want it," she said.

It seemed to her impossible that her Willie could ever fail to keep his tryst.

Very early next morning, before the passengers had left their berths, Mary learned that they were in the harbor.

It seemed to her as if she was in a dream.

She got up and dressed herself mechanically.

She could not touch her breakfast.

It did not matter to her what the captain had said.

She knew that she should see Willie waiting for her.

The captain felt a pressure on his arm as he stood saying "Good-bye" to his passengers.

Mary was beside him, her soft eyes filled with happy light, while a flower-like color dyed each cheek.

There was no need to tell the captain what she saw, but following the direction of her eyes, he singled out of the crowd on shore, around the gangway, a tall young fellow waving his hat, and thus showing a handsome head covered with rich red chestnut curls.

The eyes looked red, too, but they were smiling till they narrowed to a mere line between the young man's black eyelashes.

"I see him," the captain said.

"Anyway," he thought, "he's a fine-looking chap enough, though a bit devil-may-carish, and there's no mistake that he's glad to see her

"All right, my dear girl, keep close to me, and in a few minutes your sweetheart may come aboard."

Mary stood quietly beside the captain, but her pulses were leaping with excitement, though it seemed still to her that it was all a dream, and that when her lover, who looked to her more beautiful than ever, came on board, she should waken suddenly to find herself still expecting him.

CHAPTER III.

THE bright promise of the morning had faded into a gloomy afternoon, when the train, after a long interval, once more stops, and her lover hands Mary out of it.

As the girl looks round her, who thinks this is surely the wildest, most lonely place she has ever seen.

It looks like a vast clearing made for this out-of-the-world station.

Tree-stumps show here and there on the waste, and in front is a dark horizon of forest.

Behind lies the lofty ridge of hills out of which the train has emerged, and on the right is another hill with a tunnel below, towards which the train they have quitted is already on its way.

Hours have passed since Mary said "Good-bye" to her friend the captain, and yet she feels still as if she were only dreaming.

She walks on beside her lover.

The road is so rough that she fancies that it can be only half made, and she stumbles more than once over stones or huge lumps of earth.

She looks up at her tall handsome lover.

Surely she ought to feel very happy—her longing wish is fulfilled—and yet she cannot shake off the disappointment which he has caused her.

His letter had said they were to be married as soon as she landed, and that he would then take her to the home he had made for her in the wild country he now lived in; but after his first rapturous greeting, as soon as he found himself alone with her, Somerfield told her that his plans were altered, and that he had settled to go on without delay to a station near the house of a friend of his, an old woman, who would care for Mary as if the girl were her own child.

"Your luggage can be sent off after us, and when it arrives and my darling is rested from her fatigue," he said, "we will take another railway journey to Onona and get married."

This had been said so lovingly that, although Mary protested, she felt herself to be ungracious.

Somerfield gave her no time to reflect in. In a few minutes she was driven off to a railway station with only her small bag of necessaries and the precious treasure bag which the Captain had handed to her lover.

During the journey Mary thinks her companion has grown very grave; but then he has been absorbed in listening to the story of her aunt's illness and to the account of her voyage; and, indeed, in the delight of his presence she takes little notice of his manner.

As they now walk side by side, the dream-like expectancy is so strongly on Mary's nerves, that she feels as if she must cry out or take some other decided way of banishing it.

She stumbles again, and would have fallen, but Somerfield catches her.

The oath he utters makes her shudder, and she draws away from his supporting arm.

This is not the first time that she has heard, and she remembers sadly that swearing was not a habit of Willie's in the old days.

"If I had only come to him sooner!" She wishes she were his wife, this would give her a right to remonstrate; but surely, even as it is, she ought not to let him suppose that she is willing to tolerate such words.

"Are the men very rough you go among, dear?" she says, timidly.

It is now a gloomy evening, the sun has nearly set, and they are just entering the wood they have so long seen in front of them.

It is yet darker here, and, although she cannot see her lover's face distinctly, he turns his head away from his companion.

She feels sure she has vexed him, and now that she rouses herself to think, she sees that he must have been vexed for some time past, and that is why he has been so silent as they have walked along.

She cannot tell how it has happened, but she must make it up at once. She clasps both hands round his arm, and looks up at him lovingly; but he keeps his face turned away from her.

"Please don't be angry with me, darling," she says softly, "I never heard you speak so before, and it—it—frightened me."

"Did it?" he says gruffly, and there is another pause of silence.

It has grown so dark that Mary is glad to take her lover's arm.

The path feels smoother under foot, and this gives her hope that they are approaching a more civilized part, for she has not seen so much as a cabin since they left the station.

The only sound since they entered the wood has been the snap of a dry twig under foot, or a rustling among the brushwood.

Now, there comes a low murmur, which soon swells into a louder sound.

"Hark!" Mary stands still. "Surely we are near a river; you said your friend lived near a river?"

"Yes, it is a river"; then he says more gently, "There, there, my dear, you mustn't take notice of my strange way, it's all along of my being glad to see you again; you mustn't mind; we are a bit rough out here, you know"; and he puts his hand on hers, draws it through his arm and keeps it tightly clasped.

She has not known how frightened she was till now; her misgivings melt in a sob of relief, and, bending down, she kisses the hand that holds hers.

"There, there," he speaks roughly again, "we must hurry on if we're to reach Mrs. Davies before night; we shall have the old woman turning in before we get there."

"Doesn't she expect me?" Mary, timidly asks.

"She expects you, sure enough," he answers, "but the day wasn't fixed; I wasn't sure about that till the vessel was signalled; seldom anyone has so quick a passage." Then he says abruptly, "You must be very tired, my dear, I've half a mind to carry you," and then he laughs loudly.

"No, oh, no, thank you!" She shrinks away, his strange manner frightens her; if she did not know it is impossible, she would fancy he has been drinking since he left the station. She has wakened thoroughly at last.

This is not the Willie Somerfield who left her sobbing her heart out for his sake—something has altered him.

But she reproaches herself; when she is his wife he will soon be all right again.

The wood has become thinner, it is not so dark as it was, the noise of the river is nearer, they have reached the edge of the forest.

As Mary looks out between the trees she sees that a deep gully separates them from the road. She cannot pass this without help.

"The devil!" her companion exclaims; "while you have been jawing me we have come out of the way, but it don't matter." He flings first one bag and then the other across, and then, bending down, he raises her in his arms, and goes carefully down one side of the cleft and up the other.

"There!" he says, as he lands her safely on the other side.

"How strong you are!" She looks up admiringly, while he stands breathing hard from the exertion he has made.

"It don't take much to lift you." Then, turning to her, he adds, "You're such a dainty little morsel, ladybird."

The sight of the broad grey river makes Mary feel giddy, and she clings closely to her lover's arm as they walk beside it.

She cannot help shivering, the water looks so cold and deep.

Somerfield points onward: "There's the bridge," he says.

The place is so wild, so lonely, and the bridge is so slight, that it seems wonderful it has not been swept away.

"Shall we have to cross that bridge?"

As she speaks Mary stands still, trembling.

She feels a sudden dread: it seems to her the bridge will break when they reach the middle of the river, and the cold grey water will close over their heads.

Somerfield turns to her angrily. "Of course we must cross it, what fools women are!" and catching her hand, he hurries her on at such a pace that she soon loses her breath.

"Stop, stop, Willie; oh, please stop," she gasps, "I can't go so fast."

He answers her with an oath, bends down his frowning face to her, and then he lifts her suddenly from the ground as if she were a child, and hurries on. At first she lies still in his arms, but as her breath comes back she feels that he is turning to the bridge; again an irrepressible horror seizes her—she cries out and struggles violently to free herself. "Be quiet, you little fool." She sees Somerfield's red eyes glare fiercely as he swings her forward, then his grasp on her loosens, but she clings desperately to him now. He wrenches one hand, then the other away, and pushes her from him. She feels that she is falling, there is a despairing cry—a splash—and the dark water closes over her.

CHAPTER IV.

MARY rouses from what seems deep slumber.

There is a rushing sound in her ears, and she opens her eyes. She sees only the grey, cold river.

Is she floating along with it?

No, her right hand grasps some substance, and she feels fastened down by the weight of her clothes.

She cannot move, she looks up, the stars are shining overhead; and as by degrees she rouses to fuller consciousness, she sees that she has been caught among the roots of a huge withered tree.

She lies there white and exhausted, and as memory brings back the terrible scene she passed through, she wishes she had never wakened.

But love of life soon asserts itself, and after a while she manages to free her hair and then her clothes, which have kept her fast to this refuge.

Crawling along the far-stretching roots, she at last reaches the bank in safety.

She is still too dazed to think—one idea only lightens through her stupefied brain—she must find the little station, get back to New York, and to a steamer returning to England.

She feels dimly that the friendly Captain will protect her.

She does not dare to remember what she needs protection against, she is dimly conscious that her senses may forsake her if she begins to think.

As at last she rises to her feet she trembles so violently that she can scarcely stand.

She has lost her hat, and her long hair hangs round her like a dripping cloak.

Wringing the water from it with both her cold hands, she rolls it up tightly, and then she begins to walk back beside the river.

She can make out the bridge at a little distance off: and this tells her she has not been carried far from where she fell into the water.

It does not occur to her that in the darkness she may find it impossible to make her way back through the wood to the station.

She goes on and on between the river and the wood in a dogged, determined way.

She knows she cannot cross the gully, but surely if she goes on there must be an easier way.

Suddenly the wood ends in another clearing, a wild heath stretches before her, overgrown with low bushes; and among these at some distance Mary fancies that she sees a light.

She stops and gazes keenly; it may be only caused by some insect, but then it may come from a log-cabin.

But soon, as she walks towards the light, she feels sure that it is shining from a window.

Every now and then she stumbles over the uneven ground, sometimes she gets entangled among brambles and brushwood, but sooner than she expects she comes to a long low cabin—a dark, solitary building—from which the light comes through a chink in the shuttered window.

Too confused to seek for the door, Mary makes her way desperately towards the light, and knock on the shutter—no answer.

She waits a minute or two, and then she knocks again vehemently.

"Who are you that knocks?" a voice says behind the shutter—a woman's voice, timid but not unkindly in tone. Mary feels her courage come back.

"I am a poor girl that has lost her way, and in the dark I fell in the water. I am dying of cold, please let me in."

Some instinct seems to warn her not to tell the truth.

The shutter opens a little.

"You can't come in here," the voice answers peevishly, "my masters are away, and they don't harbor strangers."

Mary thrusts her arm desperately through the opening:

"Only let me in and dry my clothes," she says, "for the love of God have pity on me!"

The shutter is again opened. "Maybe I'd show you more pity in keeping you out," the woman says. "They're a wild rough gang, and they may return any minute, and if they find you here, I would not give much for your chances, my girl."

"Oh, let me in, if only for a few minutes," cries Mary, "or I shall perish of cold."

"Come to the door," the woman says.

The rough door is unbarred and the girl staggers into a good-sized room, where a fire of logs is blazing on a stone hearth.

Mary falls into a seat near the red glow, the water trickles off her till it makes a pool on the floor.

The woman stares at her in wonder, but she asks no questions; she sets a pot of coffee on the hearth to warm for her dripping guest.

"You'll get your death in those clothes," and she looks compassionately at the girl's slender figure and sad face, then she goes into a closet opposite the fire and comes back with a blanket over her arm. "Slip off your skirts quickly," she says, "and wrap this round you, while I dry 'em a bit."

Mary feels too stupefied to move, but with an effort she does what she is bid, and then she sits wrapped in the blanket.

While she drinks the hot coffee given her, the woman holds the girl's dripping clothes close to the blazing logs.

She is small and ugly—and looks as if drink and hard usage have dulled her faculties.

Every now and then, however, she gives her visitor a keen glance and then she turns away, and seems absorbed in listening.

All at once she starts. "They are coming—don't you hear them?" she says excitedly. "Yes—it's them, safe enough—I hear the signal, you're not safe," her voice sinks to a whisper; "if they find you, they'll shoot you—or worse—you must hide in there—come!"

She thrusts Mary's clothes into her arms, and hurries her to the place from which she has taken the blanket.

The girl finds herself pushed past rows of shelves and within a second door, which the woman closes on her, and then the girl hears her also close the first door into the room.

Mary finds herself in a veritable black hole, seemingly hung round with blankets—there is hardly room to turn and yet she does not feel stifled.

Looking up she sees glimpses of starlight through the chinks of the log roof.

As the girl stands still trembling with cold, she hears a tramp of footsteps outside; the tramp comes nearer, and then goes round the cabin.

Next minute she hears loud voices in the room she has just quitted.

Mary has not shared her hostess's terror. The shock she has undergone has taken away all emotion. Her dulness makes her insensible of danger.

All at once her heart beats fast; through the rough planked doors she hears voices more distinctly.

There has been first a confused dialogue, now a hubbub of sound, now several voices jeer at one of the party, who seems to keep silence.

These voices are coarse and ruffianly, and Mary at last feels afraid.

A fierce oath, and then a fist strikes the table with vehemence, and silences the clamor of the rest:

"Hold your jaw, every one. I have the swag safe; let them laugh who win."

Mary's heart seems to stand still, and she sinks back against the wall of the cabin.

It is Somerfield's voice.

The wretched girl does not lose consciousness, but for a time she is deaf to what is happening.

While she lay half drowned among the tree roots, it had seemed to her that a sudden frenzy had seized on her lover, and she had forgotten the existence of her money; now the terrible fact is clear.

She rouses from her stupor to hear a hubbub of voices, some of them eager and clamorous.

Somerfield's sounds brutal and defiant. He calls loudly for more drink; and after this there comes a lull in the talk.

Soon this changes into wild songs and laughter, choruses with loud blows on the table, quarrels, at which she turns faint again, and amid it all—one of the loudest—she hears Somerfield's voice.

After what seems to her a long time, these sounds subside, sink by degrees into stillness, and soon it is plain by the snoring and heavy breathing that the revellers are sound asleep.

Overhead the stars have paled, and a chill air coming in slowly with grey glimmer warns poor Mary that dawn is breaking.

Moving very quietly she manages to dress herself in the confined space in which she stands.

She has scarcely finished when the closet door opens gently, and the woman beckons her forth:

"They are all asleep," she whispers in the girl's ear.

The miserable creature is trembling; but without a word she leads the way to the cabin door.

There is only a dim light coming from the log fire.

The woman noiselessly opens the door, and the fire-glow mixes strangely with the pale gleam that comes in from the doorway and falls on the faces of the men who lie sleeping in varied positions on the floor.

Somerfield lies nearest the fire, but his face is hidden in the blanket he has rolled himself in; his frieze coat lies beside him.

Mary shrinks away as she passes him; she has nearly reached the door when a strange idea comes to her. She will take his coat.

If ever she reaches England again this will be a proof to his friends that her terrible story is true.

She turns back, takes the coat from beside him, and then, pressing the hand of the woman as she glides past her, she flies out into the cold morning air.

* * * * *

Mary was never able coherently to relate how she reached New York and the steamer she had come out in, the day before it started on its homeward journey.

She had a confused memory of walking through the chill dawn and waiting wearily and half dead at the small station-cabin, and when she got to the steamer she was too ill to be questioned.

To the Captain's eager inquiries she answered, "Not now, Captain; I'm dreaming still. I'll tell you when I wake;" and the horror in her eyes checked the good man's questions.

For several days she lay in her berth almost unconscious what happened, but at last she roused and looked drowsily about her.

Presently her eyes fell on the frieze coat she had carried away.

She looked at it in wonder; then, as it came back, she shivered with horror.

How could she have brought away such a witness of the terrible story?

After a little she lifted it down; its weight surprised her.

Then suddenly she thrust her hand into one of the pockets and drew forth her money, given by the Captain to Somerfield.

Saved.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS.

A FULL moon gleamed fitfully through dark rifts of cloud, lighting up a long stretch of beach, upon which the foam-capped billows broke with that deep, moaning sound which presages a coming storm.

This sound had awened Lucy Mott, the fisherman's daughter, who now stood leaning upon the sill of her window, looking out half anxiously, half dreamily, on the wild and desolate scene.

She was a slight, fair girl of eighteen, with delicate features, and an air of native grace and refinement which seemed scarcely in accordance with her homely surroundings.

And yet her father, "old Phil Mott," as he was called, had come of a respectable, well-to-do family, who had long since discarded him on account of his wild and lawless ways, and his marriage with a sailor's pretty daughter, who had made him a better wife than he deserved.

She had been some years dead, and Lucy now filled her place in the humble home.

She did what she could to make it pleasant and attractive.

But the girl's nature was an elevated and refined one, which found no congeniality in the society of the few fisherman's families, by whom she was surrounded, and nothing to gratify her taste in her humble home beyond her bit of flower-garden, and the sea, always grand and beautiful, and most of all, a box of books which had years before been left in her father's care and never reclaimed.

It takes a solitary, pleasureless life such as Lucy's to enable one to appreciate the value of such treasures as Shakespeare, Scott, and others, who have been to thousands, and shall be to millions more, a blessing and a "joy forever."

But Lucy was not thinking just now of her dearly loved books.

Her mind was less pleasantly occupied in anxious thought of her father, who had left home at daybreak, on a fishing excursion, promising to return at sunset.

She had watched for him till long after dark, and had then fallen into a slight slumber, from which she had been aroused, as we have said, by the premonitory sounds of the coming storm.

"I hope nothing has happened to him," thought Lucy, anxiously.

And, as if in answer to the thought, came suddenly the sound of her father's voice, borne toward her by the breeze.

Leaning forward, she saw dimly two figures advancing swiftly up the beach, and she stood still, wondering who could be her father's companion at this late hour.

Nearer they came, and paused at length almost at her window talking very earnestly.

"I don't much like it, I must say," she heard her father say.

In answer to him came some words in an eager, suppressed voice, at sound of which Lucy drew back with a sort of suppressed shudder.

It was Martin Heriot, as he was called; a young man who had suddenly dropped into this quiet little fishing hamlet as from the clouds, and concerning whom nothing was known, except that he was good-looking, clever and very agreeable when in a good humor, but fierce and desperate when aroused.

He had fallen in love with pretty, modest Lucy Mott, and her father had only yesterday told her it was his wish and his will that she should become the young man's wife.

Heriot, he said, was a very clever fellow, and could make her a fortune if he would.

And so soon as they should be married, they would go, all three, away from this wretched place to another, the name of which he did not mention, but where, he said, their fortunes would very soon be secured.

And the girl knew that when her father spoke in this resolute way, he was in earnest, and that therefore her fate was already sealed.

Poor Lucy.

It was not that she instinctively shrank from and mistrusted Heriot, that this match was so distasteful to her, but that, almost unknown to herself, she had allowed her thoughts and her heart to become interested in another.

She blushed when she thought of it, and remembered that this other was almost a stranger to her—a young man whom she had seen only as he rode past her father's cottage, and had spoken to but once or twice as he had stopped and asked if her father were at home, and then lingering, had remarked on the beauty of the flowers in her little garden.

And the last time she had seen him he had glanced at the old leather-bound volume which lay open on the gate-post, while she was busily tying up her roses, and had inquired, with that look of pleased surprise in his deep blue eyes, whether she liked "The Lady of the Lake."

That had been only yesterday, and ever since Lucy Mott had been in a sort of vague delicious dream, that startled and frightened herself—all born of something inexplicable which she had seen in the look of those blue eyes.

But he was the rich young heir of the "Rockford" estate—she could see the tall chimneys and Lombardy poplars rising miles away—whilst she was only a fisherman's daughter.

And now, in place of that sweet, half-tender voice, the accents of which still haunted her, Lucy was listening to Martin Heriot's rough, energetic tones, as he spoke rapidly and eagerly.

"I tell you, Mott, the thing must be done at once or not at all. We have scarcely half an hour left."

"But if he shouldn't have the money with him?" said Mott, doubtfully, as if seeking an escape.

"He has got it with him. It was purposely for this money that he went to M—— yesterday, and, as I told you, he was seen to secure it in his wallet before he left the bank. Four thousand dollars! Think of it, man, and what it will do for us!"

And Heriot grasped his companion's arm and gazed earnestly into his face.

"We may be found out——"

"We can't be found out. I have planned securely against every risk, and defy the devil himself to betray us. In the name of——"

And here followed an impatient burst of blasphemous language, in the midst of which Philip Mott, as if yielding to a power superior to himself, exclaimed:

"Well, come along! and if blood be spilt let it be done by your hand, and rest upon your own head. Blood! and almost my own blood, too; for George Hazleton's father was my cousin——"

The voices died away in the distance, the rapidly retreating figures disappeared, and Lucy Mott stood, white and trembling, with clasped hands, and a heart the wild beatings of which seemed to suffocate her.

Suddenly, starting from the stupor of horror, she threw up her arms, and cried, as in an agonized prayer—

"Oh, my Father in Heaven, what shall I, what can I do?"

What should she do, indeed?

For, to save the man she loved, even could this be done, would be to convict her father.

Her first impulse was to rush wildly out of doors, and running in the direction in which her father had disappeared, to shriek his name frantically in a half-formed design of pleading with him, of saving him from crime, and George Hazleton from violence, if not death.

But the two men, walking rapidly, were already beyond reach of her voice, scarcely to be heard amid the uproar of the rising storm.

Then Lucy turned, and scarcely conscious of what she did, ran swiftly across the sands, through the tangled gorse-bushes and over the low, marshy track, thick with reeds and rushes, which lay between her father's house and the road that ran half a mile from the beach.

It was here that George Hazleton must pass on his return from the distant town of M——, whither she knew that he had yesterday gone.

She had heard a neighbor say something about his having purchased a tract of land adjoining his own, and that it would be paid for on the morrow.

For this purpose, doubtless, was the four thousand dollars intended, which was now, perhaps, to cost him his life.

The thought quickened the girl's steps, and she flew rather than ran, despite the now falling rain, and the violence of the wind, which was tossing her hair and her garments wildly about.

Hoarse peals of thunder broke over her head, and vivid flashes of lightning nearly blinded her, but on she ran, never slackening her speed, or even pausing to take breath.

Suddenly she caught, amid the roar of the storm, a sound which sent every drop of blood tingling to her heart—the sound of a horse's rapidly approaching tread.

If she should be one moment too late!

And again the girl pressed on, with a wild cry, which the wind bore from her like the sound of a lost spirit in agony.

Faint as was the sound, it reached the ears of young Hazleton.

He slackened his horse's speed, and turned in the direction whence it came.

And then, rushing across the dreary waste, with arms imploringly outstretched, and hair flying wildly behind her, he saw a form which had more the appearance of a spirit than of anything human.

The next moment she had reached him, and the lightning revealed to him the white face of Lucy Mott, the fisherman's daughter.

In an instant young Hazelton had sprung to the ground, and caught the form of the almost fainting girl.

"Good heavens, Lucy, what has happened? Why are you here in the storm?" he questioned, anxiously.

And Lucy could only answer in breathless, broken gasps:

"No further—no further! Danger—robbery—murder—" and then, utterly exhausted and overcome, she sank fainting in his grasp.

George remembered the money he had with him, together with certain warnings he had received from his friends and had laughed at, concerning the danger of carrying it with him on a lonely ride, and how he instantly comprehended it all.

He was armed, and trusting to this and his horse's speed, he would still have braved the danger; but to ride on and leave the girl alone and helpless in the storm was not to be thought of, even had she been less dear to him than she was.

Neither, considering the circumstances, could he take her home to her father's cottage.

He knew that Philip Mott, a relative of his own father, was not a very scrupulous character, and that he had of late been very intimate with the young man Martin Heriot, concerning whom vague rumors had but this day reached his ears in M——, in connection with mutiny and murder on the high seas.

As this thought flashed across him, he instinctively divined the circumstances of the case, the cause of Lucy's strange appearance and warning.

It took not a moment to decide upon what course to pursue, and lifting the form of the still insensible girl, he placed her in front of him on the saddle, and turning sharply off from the road, struck across the low, marshy track, which extended some distance further between the road and his home.

His horse floundered on rather heavily at first, for he was weary with his day's journey; but ere long, finding firmer ground beneath him, broke into a swifter pace.

In an hour's time the young man had alighted at the door of his own house, and lifting his strange burden, he conveyed her tenderly within, and gave her in charge to his mother and sister.

"Do all you can for her, mother," he said. "She has saved my life."

And good, motherly Mrs. Hazleton, and warm-hearted Alice, prompted partly by kindness, and more by gratitude, did all that could be done for their fair though humble guest, both then and through the long illness that followed; for the excitement of that evening, together with her fatigue and exposure to the storm, had their effect upon Lucy, in fever and utter prostration of body and mind.

For three weeks she lay ill beneath the roof of the great house with the tall chimneys and Lombardy poplars, upon which she had so often wistfully gazed from the windows of her own humble home.

And yet—as they told her when she grew better—her own great-grandmother, who was also the great-grandmother of George and Alice, had once been mistress of that house.

Wherefore, said most people, it was not so strange or inappropriate, after all, that Lucy herself should in time become its mistress.

They would not allow her to go back to the cottage on the beach, but, won by her loveliness of person and disposition, insisted upon keeping her with them in Rocklands; and, in less than a year after, she, as Mrs. George Hazelton, claimed it as her legitimate home.

And no stranger who now sees her, beautiful, refined and cultivated, presiding at her husband's table, or driving with her two rosy children along the beach towards the fast-growing watering-place which has since sprung up in the neighborhood, could imagine that in one of the fisherman's cottages on the sands lived a Mrs. Hazleton had once her home.

Martin Heriot was arrested the day after the designed robbery and probable murder of Hazelton, by officers of justice, who had long been in search of him.

Philip Mott, who, though reckless, was not depraved, rejoiced that he had escaped the commission of the crime from which his daughter had saved him; and thenceforth, through his own better convictions and the exertions of Lucy and George, became an altered and much more respectable character.

The latter's money and influence obtained for him a good situation, which gratified his sea-faring taste, and Lucy, in her prosperity, never failed in her duty as a daughter.

PERSEVERANCE AND SUCCESS.—Perseverance is always held up as the chief ingredient of success; and it is the boast of the Anglo-Saxon nations that they possess this quality in an especial degree.

The naval heroes of the Elizabethan age glorified in the name of "English bulldogs."

There is a story of a deaf old Admiral having an account of a sea-fight read aloud to him. His infirmity prevented his hearing half what was said, but at last he caught the words, "The engagement lasted three days." "Ah then, it was our fellows who got the worst of it at the beginning," he cried.

Perseverance is undoubtedly an admirable quality; and the man who is "all things by turns and nothing long" rarely succeeds in life.

One cannot but respect the self-taught Scotch naturalist, Edwardes, when his collection, the work of years, was accidentally destroyed. "What will you do?" cried sympathizing friends. "I maun jist begin agin," was the quiet reply.

A very similar anecdote is related of a certain Martin Koetzel in the fifteenth century.

He made a vow to undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and to count the number of paces between certain of the shrines at Jerusalem, with a view of erecting a series of statues commemorative of the sacred story near to his own house at Nuremberg, these statues to be arranged at exactly the same distance from each as the shrines were at Jerusalem.

After a long and toilsome journey, the traveler returned in safety, but when he began to carry out his architectural scheme, he discovered that he had forgotten the distance between the reputed sites of the house of Pilate and Calvary. His friends, learning of his misfortune, came to condole with him on his unfortunate lapse of memory; but Koetzel, instead of lamenting himself, had already started on a second expedition to Jerusalem, and on his return this latter time was able to remember his measurement and fulfill his vow.

Undaunted resolution of this description leads to success in matters great and small, and is a most praiseworthy quality. Like all virtues, however, perseverance can be carried to an excess.

"One Perseverante" is a title of honor conferred in certain Romish orders on those inmates who have resided in their convent for a lengthened period; but we sometimes meet perseverantes outside nunnery walls, where perseverance is less admirable. There is the perseverance shown in an over ideal devotion to a single object till all more important matters are forgotten. There is a story of two boys trying to make a gallipot float in a pond. While thus engaged the younger lad fell in, and was eventually drowned.

At the inquest some surprise was expressed that the elder boy had not been able to rescue or even assist his companion. Master Smith burst into tears. "I might, perhaps, have been able to pull Green out," he sobbed, "but then I must have lost my gallipot, and I had made up my mind that it should float."

This is no solitary example of misdirected perseverance.

TROUSSEAU OF A JAPANESE LADY.—In families of the rank of the governors of Nagasaki the bride is portioned with twelve robes, namely, a blue robe for the first month, embroidered with fir-trees or bamboo; a sea-green robe for the second month, with cherry flowers and buttercups, a robe of light red for the third month, with willows and cherry trees; a robe of pearl color for the fourth month, embroidered with the cuckoo and small sprigs representing his lands; a robe of faint yellow for the fifth month, with waves and sword grass; a robe of bright orange for the sixth month, embroidered with melons and with an impetuous torrent—the rainy season falling in this and two previous months; a white robe for the seventh month, with kiki flowers, white and purple; a red robe for the eighth month, sprinkled with aloe leaves; a violet robe for the ninth month, embroidered with a splendid flower; an olive-colored robe for the tenth month, with representations of a road and ears of rice cut off; a black robe for the eleventh month, embroidered with emblems of ice and icicles; a purple robe for the twelfth month, embroidered with emblems of snow. Beyond some personal outfit of this sort, it is said not to be the custom to portion daughters.

"DEAR me!" cried Mrs. Blossom, as she laid down the paper, "it does seem to me as if those State militia fellows are always in trouble. Here's an account of a recent inspection where the company turned out fifty-three men. Too bad, ain't it."

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair fresh and bright. It not only restores the color, but imparts glossiness and luxuriance to faded and gray hair.

New Publications.

A. Goff, of 150 Nassau Street, New York, has issued a Hand Book of Ready Reference for Advertisers. It is a very handsome book, and the information contained in it is reliable. It gives the names, addresses, and circulation of all the prominent newspapers in the United States; and the advertiser will find in it many valuable hints regarding How, When, and Where to Advertise.

Ogilvie's "Handy Book of Useful Information," is the title of a modest little book of 128 pages which contains more information of practical value than many books that cost from $2.00 upwards. It contains statistical tables of practical value for every department of human effort, and we can assure our readers that they will find something of great value in this book. The Political, Historical, and Biographical Information alone, is worth double the price of the book. It is bound in handsome leatherette, flexible covers, and will be sent by mail for 25 cents; or bound in silk cloth for 50 cents, by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., Publishers, 13 Rose Street, New York.

James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, publish in neat and convenient form, the address of Robert P. Porter to the Arkwright Club of New England on "Protection and Free Trade To-day." Mr. Porter graphically presents exactly what voters in both political parties want to know, the facts showing how free trade and protection work at home and abroad, in the field and the workshop. The words of the author of the address on the Tariff will carry weight with those anxious for a practical view of the Tariff question. Price 10 cents.

"Edmond Dantes," the Sequel to Alexander Dumas' great novel, "The Count of Monte-Cristo," is one of the most wonderful romances ever issued, and an entire new and enlarged edition of it is published. Just at the point where "The Count of Monte-Christo" ends, "Edmond Dantes" takes up the fascinating tale and continues it with marvellous power and absorbing interest unto the end. It is a novel that will delight, entertain and instruct all who read it. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Publishers, Cloth $1.25, Paper Cover 75 cents.

Messrs. N. W. Ayer & Son have issued their American Newspaper Annual for 1884, which, in addition to its carefully prepared lists of all newspapers and periodicals in the United States and Canada, with particulars as to circulation, advertising, rates, etc. contains an infinitude of statistics of population, politics, etc., with particulars as to the soil, products and business of every county in the Union, the whole forming a comprehensive and useful manual. The interesting annual summary shows that the total number of newspapers and periodicals now published in the United States is 13,343, as against 12,005 in 1873. The dailies have increased from 1198 to 1374, and the weeklies from 9579 to 10,172.

MAGAZINES.

In a literary and artistic point of view *Demorest's Magazine* for October is an admirable number. The frontispiece, Decoy Ducks, which is something new in art, is very beautiful and the other illustrations are excellent. Among the articles specially worthy of note are: Student Life in Paris; Down the Red Sea; Pope's Villa at Twickenham; and How We Live in New York, by Jennie June. Published at New York.

In *The Popular Science Monthly* for October, the first paper is by Dr. F. J. Shepherd on The Significance of Human Anomalies. Francis Galton's paper on the Measurement of Character, is a bold and most suggestive attempt to bring the higher human characteristics within the pale of quantitative science. Lord Rayleigh's survey of The Recent Progress of Physical Science, is given in full. A biographical sketch and a fine portrait of Lord Rayleigh are also given. Dust for the County; in Professor Williams's series on The Chemistry of Cookery, Wages, Capital, and Rich Men; The Physiological Aspect of Mesmerism; The Morality of Happiness, (conclusion); Protection against Lightning; The Cholera-Germ; and The Origin of Cultivated Plants; are all fresh, readable, and meaty papers. Professor J. P. Cooke contributes Further Remarks on the Greek Question; and the editor keeps up his lively fight on the obscurists. New York, D. Appleton & Co. Fifty cents a number $5 a year.

Lippincott's Magazine for October opens with a very pleasant and well illustrated article on the Painted Rocks of Lake Superior, by D. D. Rice. The Personal Reminiscences of Charles Reade, which have excited general interest are brought to a close. Readers interested in the progress of education cannot fail to be struck by the description of A School Without Text-Books, by S. H. M. Byers, American Consul at Zurich. In an Orchard, by E. N. Zabriskie, is a paper redolent of summer. In Cafés of Modern Greece, by Lucien W. Peters, is an account of a number among the shops and haunts of Athens, where the writer resides. Wit and Diplomacy in Dictionaries, by C. W. Frost, relates some of the curious ways of etymologies and definitions that occur in recent as well as early works of lexicography. Aurora and A Trip to Barney are continued, and there are short stories by Elizabeth G. Martin and C. R. Corson, poems by Philip Bourke Marston, Julia C. R. Dorr, and Charles L. Holbrook, and the usual complement of good things in the editorial departments. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

BELLS that never ring—Bluebells.

Our Young Folks.

AMONG THE ALPS.

BY PIPKIN.

WHAT American boy or girl would not like to change places for a month or two in the summer with a Swiss mountain child?

How delightful to live in a pretty Swiss cottage with its projecting eaves, its bark roof held firm by huge stones, its many-paned windows gay with geraniums, its balconies, and its funny wooden outside staircase leading to the door.

Then the snow-peaks at the back, the pine-forest below, and the mountain brook at the side, dashing and plashing over rock and stone in great haste to reach the valley below.

How charming to follow the pretty Alpine cattle from one green hollow to another, to listen to their tinkling bells, play with the tame goats, pluck lovely wild flowers and catch bright butterflies, and then to learn to *jodeln* as the herd-boys do, and blow the Alpine horn, and sing the "Ranz des Vaches," and in the evening to listen to the adventures of the guide or chamois-hunter, as he rests for a quarter of an hour on his way down from dangerous mountain-passes, snowfields and glaciers.

Or, on some lovely evening how delightful to listen to the tales of wizards and witches, giants and dwarfs, good and bad fairies, dragons and huge monsters—that lie asleep at the bottom of the mountain lakes and are never seen, but are heard to hiss and groan, and splutter, when a storm is at hand or a misfortune about to happen that the gray-haired grandfather relates, as he smokes his pipe below the cottage eaves or by the hearth-stone, or as he sits, surrounded by a group of attentive children, on the bench beneath the cottage windows.

What a pretty group it is!

The old man in the midst; one hand loosely clasped in the other.

The eldest grandchild, on a low stool, near him; her hand thrown protectingly round her little sister.

A bare-footed little fellow in front turns his back on us; but we know, without seeing his face, that he is listening with open mouth.

One little girl neglects her doll, another her book, one child forgets to blow its Alpine horn, another, who has been teasing puppy to jump, stands her paws at his hands, and forgets to release them, while one fat little grandchild bends over the balcony above the grandfather's head to lose no word of what he is saying.

Yes! such a life must be a very pleasant one, but if an American boy or girl comes of the hot wind, the *foehn*, blowing and melting the pretty cottage on fire, or the avalanche falling and burying it in its snows, or the little brook swelling with spring rains and melting snow and sweeping it away, he will be glad that his cradle stood on American ground.

And—talking of cradles, I fancy that an American baby, if he could express his thoughts, would decidedly object to be passed in the small canvas box that bears this name in Switzerland, and would rebel against the bands or ribbons which are tightly wound round it and tied.

The Swiss baby has, of course, no such refractory feeling.

Probably he knows that there is a good reason for being wedged in so tightly and bound so firmly, and submits without a murmur.

The origin of the custom is this.

In the spring of the year the inhabitants of the villages and hamlets shut up their cottages, and drive their cattle before them, ascend the mountains and live in chalets during the summer months.

Cows do not stay in one chalet all the time but when the pasturage becomes poor ascend to another, and sometimes, changing their abode perhaps eight or nine times in the course of the season.

The scanty furniture of the different chalets remains in them from year to year, so they have but to bring the implements they require for the making of their butter and cheese.

Then the father carries, the elder children help him; the little children run by his side, and the mother lifts the cradle with the baby in it on her head, fastens the milk-pail and the family umbrella on her shoulders, and, taking her knitting in her hand, works away as she stops every now and then to take a few steps or to look after a straggler, for hours, as she ascends the mountain.

What would the poor mother do if she had to hoist an American cradle on her head, and ascend the steep mountains with it?

The first day that the cattle are driven on to their mountain pasture-ground is a great day for them and their owners, and especially for the children, who flock together from town and village to see a very strange sight.

For the first thing that the cows do on finding themselves freed from their winter stable life and allowed to roam at will on the green slopes before and around the chalet is to dispute each other's claim to royalty.

They fight with each other for mastery, and the children, each one of whom knows "Griotta," the red cow, or "Violette," the brown one, or "Brunna," the black one, or "Masera," the spotted one, will win.

At last the fight is ended, and the victorious cow receives the badge of office, the great bell which the herd-boy hangs round her neck.

With proud consciousness of her dignity she shakes the bell from time to time, and from this day is literally queen of the herd, its leader and governor, and if, after having retained her office for a couple of years or so, another cow obtains the mastery in the annual fight and usurps her place, she becomes melancholy, and refuses to eat.

When the momentous question of "Who is to be queen?" is settled, the children of the towns and villages return home with their parents, and the herd-boy sits on a mossy stone and lets the breeze play with his hair, and sings or *jodels* in a merry voice the "Ranz des Vaches."

This means:

"Colombetta's herd-boys are up betimes
Hie [illegible] cows, come and be milked
[illegible] all great and small, white, black, young and

Come under the oak where I shall milk you.
Under the ash where I shall set the milk to curd,
Cows, dear cows, come and be milked!"

As long as the cattle remain on the lowest pasture ground, the children in the valleys often beg their parents to take them for a day's excursion to the mountains.

They carry some provisions with them, and a bottle or two of good wine, for fear that the unaccustomed freshness of the air and the milk diet should not agree with them, and very pleasant these picnics on the mountain side are.

But when the cattle are taken to higher pastures, these visits cease, and nothing more occurs to disturb the inmates of the chalet in their great work of making butter and cheese.

The making of cheese is a very important occupation, and in some parts of Switzerland, the Valais, for instance, the riches of a man are estimated according to the number of cheeses he possesses.

"My father is a 'cheese rich' man," says one boasting boy to another ("cheese rich" means as rich as Crœsus.)

"How many cheeses has he?" asks the other.

"Oh, at least so and so many, for we have just made a lot."

"Nonsense," returns the other boy with a smile of contempt, "my father has never fewer than that number all the year round, and some of our cheeses are a hundred years old."

A strange custom in the Valais is to make a cheese when a child is born, which is left untouched during his lifetime, and is often cut into for the first time at his funeral feast.

A rich man stores up wine as well as cheese for his own funeral, and when that event takes place a goblet of the "dear wine," as it is called, is placed on the coffin, the mourners approach, take the goblet in their hand, touch the coffin with it and drink the contents to a future meeting with their departed friend. "Au revoir!" they say.

When a child dies it is carried to the grave in an open coffin by other children, and its clothes are given to the poorest child in the village.

Some of the girls in a Swiss family help their mother in the making of the cheeses, which they roll to a glacier (if one is near), and store up in cellars near the cool ice; others make a simple cushion lace to sell to tourists, or other curious articles.

The boys serve as sheep or goat herds, and lead their flocks to wild and almost inaccessible parts of the mountains.

You will often see a little fellow, with feather in cap, stick in hand, blouse floating on the breeze, and legs and feet bare, standing motionless and fearless on the very edge of a rock which projects over a yawning abyss, his cropped goats around him; and night after night these hardy mountain boys sleep beneath the open sky, their only bed a heap of dry leaves kept together by a couple of large stones, or a cloak spread on the short grass.

They sleep sweetly, fearing nothing; and wake in the morning to see the cattle peeping up towards them from the hollow where they have been resting, and the eagle soaring away to its eyrie on the mountain summit.

Some of the family, boys and girls, have another occupation.

They form companies and station themselves, each armed with a wooden clog and a green branch, at the foot of a steep part of the road.

There they wait for a tourist's carriage, and then their duty is to assist the wearied horses to ascend by wafting troublesome insects away from them with their green branch, and by placing, at intervals, their wooden clog under the wheels of the carriage, so that the tired animals may rest.

Others again, offer bunches of Alpine flowers, the Alpine rose, the vanilla flower, which only grows at a certain elevation, the deep-blue mountain gentian, and most coveted of all, the much-loved edelweiss, with its star-shaped velvety blossoms, or else present the traveler with small baskets of wild strawberries.

As a rule there are not many beggars, except in the beaten tourists' track.

In the cantons I've the children have a pretty way of begging, which generally results in their getting a penny or two.

The little, curly-headed, bare-legged girls and boys run to you, look up at you with a smile, and then kissing their right hand slip it into yours saying in persuasive tones: "Give me something."

School is only held during the winter months.

The school-house is always the finest building in the village, the Swiss way of expressing our "as great as a palace" being "as grand as a school-house."

In the summer-time the boys learn the language of signs.

This requires a little explanation. Every household in the Alp districts has its own sign or mark, which descends from generation to generation, and is inherited as a rule by the younger son.

This sign or mark is cut or branded on the sheep and goats' ears, on the trunks of trees that have been felled in the forests, on everything in short that belongs to a special house.

As the sheep and goats of a great many families are entrusted to the care of one herd-boy, and all have to be delivered to their respective proprietors at the end of the summer, the herd-boy must be well acquainted with all the numberless signs.

This is no small effort of memory, and the good minister when he ascends the mountain at intervals during the summer to look after his flocks, and catechise the children, often shakes his head, and complains that they are better acquainted with this sign language than with their catechism.

As long as the families remain at the first or second station on the mountain side, they descend regularly on Sunday to church, the mother carrying the baby, the father the next youngest child.

The sermon is long, but the children, tired with their descent through the fresh mountain air, sleep peacefully through it, and only wake up when it is time to return home.

In the Valais the people ride to church on donkeys or mules.

The mother always sits in front, either carrying the baby or fastening its box-like cradle at the side, the father sits behind, holding on to his wife for fear he should slip off at the tail.

The children run along by the side, the little ones grasping the donkeys tail with both hands to help them to keep up with the others.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

BY F. L. B.

THE wind howled and moaned round the gables of the old farmhouse, and rain beat dismally against the windows of the sick chamber of my father as my mother and I sat anxiously watching for signs of improvement in his condition; but, alas! he gradually became more feverish and restless, and my mother proposed that I should go for the doctor at once. He lived no less than ten miles away!

The task was by no means an easy one. I had to ride over some of the roughest roads in the country, and ford a most dangerous river, which had carried more than one daring individual who had ventured into its swollen waters over an awful cataract some distance below the ford, to be dashed to pieces against the sharp limestone rocks.

However, nothing daunted me, as I had a good strong horse to mount and an important errand to perform—one on the success or failure of which I firmly believed my dear father's life to depend.

I put the saddle on my horse, and drew the girth tighter than usual, well knowing the unusually difficult feat I was about to attempt.

I then mounted, and set out at full gallop through the blinding rain storm, on the darkest night I ever remember, with my mother's prayer of "God help you!" sounding in my ear.

When I had covered about three miles of my journey, the rushing flooded river began to make itself heard through the storm.

Nothing daunted, I hurried onwards, and, at length, on reaching the stream, I spurred my horse fearlessly into its cold and foaming waters.

The animal soon began to exercise great care in picking his way through.

The water, coming up to my knees on both sides, made me feel very uncomfortable and alarmed.

To add to my terror, the horse stumbled, and nearly fell over a boulder in the bed of the river.

I kept him as much down stream as possible, conscious that his difficulty of stemming the current would be somewhat mitigated by proceeding at an angle.

At the same time I felt nervous lest I should go too near the cataract, whose roar could be distinctly heard, and which did not tend in any wise to soothe my harassed feelings.

I breathed a sigh of satisfaction when, after much struggling, we emerged at last from the turmoil of the waters, and began to lessen the distance between us and the doctor's house.

Even my horse showed his appreciation of the change, for he started off at a sharp canter along a piece of the best road we had met with on the whole journey.

As the village church clock struck dolefully the hour of twelve, the tones of which were only just audible through the blustering tempest, my drenched figure presented itself at the door of Dr. Towle, who, as luck would have it, was, I was glad to find, still sitting up.

I knocked and was answered by Mr. [illegible], to whom I hastily stated my errand and begged him to [illegible] as possible, as [illegible] to save my father's life.

He showed me [illegible] and stated that [illegible] having been [illegible] had [illegible] before [illegible] had passed, if not [illegible] train.

He at once ordered his man to bring out the best and strongest horse of the two he had in his stable, and to get it saddled whilst he prepared the drugs.

The few minutes that this occupied seemed ages to me, as I thought of my poor mother left by herself in that lonely sick room with a dying husband.

A short but fervent ejaculation of "thank God!" escaped my lips as we turned our horses towards my distant home.

We travelled almost in silence until we reached the river, when, to my dismay, the water, judging from the roaring, splashing sound which greeted us, appeared to have risen much higher.

The doctor said that no mortal could ever reach the opposite bank alive, and that it would be folly, even madness, in me to attempt it.

As I knew that no aren spanned the stream within fifteen miles of the spot where I stood, I made an unflinching resolution to go through it, or die in the attempt.

Accordingly, I asked the doctor for the bottle of medicine, and put it in my breast pocket.

He tried by every means in his power to dissuade me from a task which he said was utterly hopeless, but in vain.

I exclaimed, "My father's life is at stake, and so far as it depends on me, doctor, I will save it or perish!"

Without further hesitation I plunged into the seething torrent.

I was soon horrified to find that it was sweeping the horse and myself down before it like pieces of bark.

I clung to the horse's mane with both hands; but who can imagine my terror and despair at that moment, expecting, as I was, that the horse would be rolled over, and that I should be lost without a human hand to help me!

A cry of terror escaped my lips, but this was only mocked by the tempest, that seemed to screech the word destruction in my ears.

On, on, we were swept towards the cataract!

The horse at times was entirely immersed and the waters reached the small of my back and covered my hands, which held fast to his mane with a grip of despair. The only sign of life which manifested itself in him was the snorting sound which he made whenever the water got into his mouth and nostrils.

Oh! the awful agony of moments which appeared hours as we neared the verge of the cataract.

Its roar sounded far above the tempest now, and sent the last ray of hope out of my mind.

I thought of the unfortunate creatures who had been carried over it before me, and the grief which my poor bereaved mother would suffer on learning my fate, which now seemed inevitable.

Suddenly my horse seemed to touch for a moment a submerged rock, and instinctively took every advantage of it. He plunged madly forward, struggling in a fight of strength with the current, and after a time gained a victory a few yards only above the fall across.

My joy was redoubled when we gained the bank of what I recognised to be the opposite side to where we had entered by a row of tall fir trees which had lined the neighboring ridge.

I dismounted at once and caressed the poor exhausted animal, which trembled like myself from fear and cold.

I pressed my bosom to make sure I had preserved the bottle of medicine, and led the horse along until we regained the road, where I again mounted, and began to press forward, with all possible haste towards home.

When I arrived at our cottage door it was eagerly opened by my mother, who had suffered torments of anxiety on my account, and who now planted a kiss and a tear on my forehead as she took the bottle of medicine from me, and listened to the directions I gave her as to how to administer it.

I then put the horse into the stable, and rushed to my father's room without further delay to help my mother in any way I could.

My father gazed on me with wistful and inquiring eyes, and with such a look of gratitude that repaid me a thousand times over for the trouble I had taken and the risks I had run.

When the day broke, he was in a sound sleep, and breathing more quietly than he had done for hours.

The fever had passed its most critical point.

At nine o'clock Dr. Towle arrived, and expressed the greatest delight at seeing me, as he said he had feared that both the horse and its rider would have been drowned, and had been very anxious in consequence.

In a few weeks my father was well and strong again, and many a time has he been told by the good doctor how I saved his life and risked my own.

The doctor always winds up his remarks on the subject with the same words: "Ah! my dear friend, your son's was a brave act and a miraculous escape!"

"[illegible] I say, my dear [illegible] going to stay as it is [illegible] this afternoon." So runs a chatty ancestor. "Well my dear, I'm sorry. Stay at home and rest." Three hours later feeble urchin rushes into the house with cheeks all aglow. "I tell you we had a nifty game. Eighteen to fifteen. I played short. Gimme suthin' t'eat."

POPULAR trial shows the worth of every article; and 34 years constant use has proven the great efficacy of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; it has no superior.

OVER THE WAY.

BY JOHN G. CHAMBERS.

No fresh young beauty, laughing eyed,
Who reckons lovers by the score,
But just a sweet old maid who died
While I was yet in pinafore.

She lived upon the shady side
Of that old-fashioned country street,
A spreading chestnut greenly tried
To screen the door of her retreat.

A tiny garden, trim and square,
A snowy flight of steps above,
And sweet suggestions in the air
Of all the flowers the poets love.

Within the trellised porch there hung
A parrot in a burnished cage—
A foolish bird, whose mocking tongue,
Burlesqued the piping tones of age.

A branching apple-tree o'erspread
A rickety old garden seat;
No apples sure were e'er so red!
Or since have tasted half so sweet!

In memory's enchanted land,
I see the gentle spinster yet,
With watering-pot in mittened hand,
Gaze proudly at her mignonette.

And when the spring had grown to June,
She'd sit beneath the apple-tree,
And dream away the afternoon,
With some quaint volume on her knee—

A gray-robed vision of repose,
A pleasant thought in Quaker guise;
For truly she was one of those
Who carry heaven in their eyes.

RELIGIOUS MANIAS.

THE strange frenzy, known as the dancing mania, differs from that of the flagellants in several important particulars. The outbreaks of the dancing mania burst forth—in the first instance, that is—in isolated localities affecting only a few individuals.

Thus, early in the thirteenth century a number of children are said to have been seized with the malady at Erfurt, in Prussian Saxony, and to have danced the whole way along the road to Armstadt, where, on arriving, they fell exhausted to the ground. Many of them are reported to have died in consequence of this seizure, and many more to have retained the traces of it to the end of their lives.

A large assemblage of persons, pilgrims apparently from different parts of Germany, made their appearance in the neighborhood of Aix la Chapelle, and there commenced their extraordinary performances.

Joining hands, they formed large circles, and began simultaneously to dance, losing more and more the control of reason as they went on, until their enthusiasm merged in delirium, and they fell to the ground completely exhausted.

They then complained of acute anguish, which could only be relieved by tight bandages around the chest. After the application of these, they remained free from pain and irritation, unless they provoked a return of the malady by again engaging in the dance.

Those who for any reason failed to find persons able or willing to swathe them in the manner above described, found some mitigation of their pains by the ruder process of having the parts affected violently pounded.

During the paroxysm of their excitement they were insensible to all that was passing around them. They fancied themselves surrounded by supernatural presences, and frequently shrieked out the names of spirits, with whom they imagined themselves to be in contact.

Some of them declared that they were plunged into a sea of blood, from which they could only escape by high leaps and bounds. Others protested to have seen the heavens opened, and the Virgin with the child Jesus in her arms enthroned in the midst.

The insanity spread with incredible rapidity through the neighborhood, reaching the great Dutch and Belgian capitals on the one side, and Cologne and the Rhenish cities on the other.

In Liege they excited so much terror that the magistrate forbade the manufacture of any but square-toed shoes, the fanatics having conceived a great horror of such as had sharp points to them, which were the general wear at that time.

For the same reason it became necessary to interdict the wearing of red flannel garments, which inflamed the fury of the dancers, as they are known to do that of mad bulls.

At Cologne and Metz the mania ran to a greater height than in any of the cities previously attacked. The streets of these towns are filled with hundreds of the dancers, the inhabitants everywhere hastening to join them, unable, as it seemed, to resist the infatuation.

As in the instance of the flagellant frenzy, the laborer left his plough, the artisan his work-room, the tradesman his shop, to swell the band of devotees, and these great centres of industry and commerce became for the time scenes of the wildest and most lawless disorder.

The young and unmarried of both sexes quitted their homes to take part in the revelry, and scenes of shameless license were speedily the result.

The cases of the American Shakers, and the Cornish and Welsh Jumpers, ought not to be omitted. In these, as Hecker remarks, more than in any others, it is difficult to draw the line between religious ecstacy and disorder of the nerves.

The sect of the Shakers was founded A. D. 1747, by one James Wardley—a certain Anna Lee (identified by her followers with the woman as mentioned in Rev. xii. 1) being its prophetess.

The Shakers accounted dancing to be a sign of favor with heaven, because the younger brother (St. Luke xv. 25) was received by his father with "music and dancing."

The Shakers were wont to kneel in prayer awhile, and then leap up dancing furiously, springing up to the very ceiling. The exercise would bring on a cold shuddering, whence the "Shakers."

The Jumpers, a sect of Calvinistic Methodists, were initiated by a Cornishman, Harris Rowland, in 1760. At their meetings they excite themselves by the use of certain phrases, such as "David danced before the Lord with all his might," to dance more and more furiously, until they frequently fall exhausted, and are carried in a state of syncope to their houses.

Grains of Gold.

First understand, then argue.

Be just to all, but trust not all.

Friendship is the bud of the flower of love.

Many persons consider themselves friendly when they are only officious.

It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

That which is won ill never wears well, for there is a curse attends it which will waste.

Work of hand or head is not an end in itself, but a means to the development, progress and happiness of man.

He who is truly in peace never suspects others. But he who is ill at ease and discontent, is disturbed by various suspicions.

Whoever is wise is apt to suspect, and be diffident of himself, and, upon that account, is willing to "hearken unto counsel."

We often meet with more instances of true charity among the ignorant and poor than among those who profess to be Christians.

Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky, but the stars are there, and will reappear.

The same corrupt dispositions which incline men to the sinful ways of getting will incline them to like sinful ways of spending.

When fortune comes smiling, she often designs the most mischief. When fortune caresses a man too much, she is apt to make a fool of him.

All we can do is to set before men who differ from us the principles on which we form our opinions, and let them judge upon the premises formed.

Were it not for the scorching drought we should not appreciate the refreshing shower. With less conflict we should have less victories; with less trials less joy.

Any work, no matter how humble, that man honors by efficient labor and steady application, will be found important enough to secure respect for himself and credit for his name.

The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others' that deserve it.

A bird upon the wing may carry a seed that shall add a new species to the vegetable family of a continent; and just so a word, a thought, from a living soul, may have results immeasurable, eternal.

Life is a book of which we have but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their pages to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have an assembled world to read.

Thought is always busy, and when it moves only in a restless circle, it is more wearisome, because more uninteresting, than when it marches with steady and elastic tread to the goal of knowledge.

Ignorance is that defect which causes a man to judge of evil things; to deliberate worse; not to know how to take advantage of the present good things, but to conceive evil of whatever is good in man's life.

Femininities.

It was Lucifer who stayed in Paradise—Eve wandered about outside.

The moon is a sort of matrimonial overseer. She is mistress of the tied.

Sewing, cutting and fitting are taught in all the girls' primary schools in France.

A woman who throws herself at a man's head, will soon find her place at his feet.

The oldest inhabitant will continue to be a man as long as women conceal their ages.

A woman does not love her lover's courage, or truth, or honor; she loves her lover.

In the forming of female friendship, beauty very seldom recommends one woman to another.

Ladies in New York State have taken to the amusement of spearing frogs in the bayous and swamps.

In some parts of Russia it is believed that if the bride tastes the cake on the eve of the wedding, her husband will not love her.

If we all looked like apes, there would be one gentle woo the less in the world—love. An orang-outang does not shoot himself out of love.

A storekeeper, having a stormy discussion with his better-half, put the shutters up and affixed the following notice: "Closed during altercations."

An offer of 100,000 marks, tendered to the University of Heidelberg, on condition that women be allowed to study there, has been declined by the faculty.

A young man in Des Moines loved a girl so wildly that he wrote her fifteen letters a day for five weeks. At the end of that time she eloped with another fellow.

The hair of a Hollidaysburg, Pa., lady who lost $1,100 in the hands of an attorney, who recently left there, is reported to have turned gray from grief in two weeks time.

A young woman in Kansas, to spite her father, has not spoken in several weeks. If she could see the old man out behind the barn chuckling to himself, she would probably let fly again.

The Spartans were renowned for their courage, but even Spartan heroism pales before the courage of the woman who has resolved that her last year's bonnet is good enough for this fall.

The young man who wrote to his offended girl, asking her to send him "a line," informing him what she would like him to do, was surprised to receive by express a clothes-line with a noose at one end.

When a girl is standing at the front gate waiting for her beau, five minutes seems to be about an hour's time; but after he comes, and the two are all alone by themselves in the parlor, an hour skips by in five minutes.

Fifty-two American girls with sticks and knapsacks are tramping over Germany, seeing the sights, and horrifying the staid German matrons. They enter a town singing "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle," and seem able to take care of themselves.

"Alfonso, dearest," she said, as she inflated her lungs, with difficulty, and ascertained that the only ribs broken belonged to her corset, "I know a girl that would just suit you. She is a South American, and her name is Anna Conda." Then he repeated the performance.

In Macon, Ga., a wife has just been fined $2.50 for disciplining her husband with a bed slat, the justice regarding it as a case of malicious injury to furniture. In London only a few days earlier a magistrate sent a young woman to prison for thrashing her husband for having had the audacity to complain about the coffee.

"Yes," said a merchant, "I always mark the most expensive of my goods as 'sold' during the holiday season. Then when women read the signs it makes them crazy to have the same article, and they are so disappointed that I finally promise to try and get them another—which, of course, I have no trouble in doing. Oh, it's a great scheme, I tell you, and never fails."

There is a club of pretty girls in Boston who have sworn never to wear eye-glasses or spectacles before they are married. It appears that the average Boston girl reads and studies so much that many of the dear creatures are near-sighted, glasses have, therefore, been greatly in vogue, but a girl with glasses is almost unknowable. Therefore, the society aforementioned.

They were strolling in the green fields, and he was telling her of his love. Just as he was on the point of asking her to marry him, a cow, which was concealed by a bush a few feet away, mooed long and loud. Did the girl scream, or faint, or run away? No. She gave one little imperceptible start and simply remarked: "Go away, cow! As you were saying, George——"

The girl with soft gray eyes and brown hair who walked all over your poor fluttering heart at the party, has just finished a crazy quilt containing 1081 pieces of neckties and hat-linings, put together with 21,36[illegible] stitches. And her poor old father fastens on his suspenders with a nail, a piece of twine, a sharp stick and one regularly-ordained button. This is vanity.

A charming young lady of Albany, visiting some friends at Melrose, recently sent up a toy balloon, to which she attached a card bearing her name and the further inscription: "If any good-looking young bachelor or widower finds this, will he please return it?" The balloon, after a week's absence, was found near Pittstown by a young farmer. He returned it with his compliments and his photograph.

A London paper tells of a new contrivance for making ladies taller. The woman who is to undergo this process is encased in a very tight corset, and her feet are placed in shoes weighted with fifty pounds of lead each. She is then placed in a machine consisting of a ring, which encircles her waist, and suspended from the ceiling at such a height as to prevent her feet from touching the ground. The pressure of the corset forces the upper part of the body upward, and the weight of the shoes stretches her from the waist downwards.

News Notes.

Las Animas, Col., has a "horse restaurant."

Strong carbolic acid is a powerful poison when externally applied.

Paper money is said to be 10 per cent. more valuable than coin in China.

A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will greatly aid the whitening process.

On an average between six and seven hundred dwellings are burned every month in this country.

The male school teachers of Vermont now receive an average salary of $6.50 a week, the females $3.61.

The United States, it is asserted, contains about three-quarters of the coal fields of the whole world.

Cases of leprosy have made their appearance in British Columbia, among the Chinese population.

To prevent patent leather from cracking, always warm the leather before inserting the foot in the shoe.

Canton, China, with a population of a million and a half, has not, it is said, a newspaper of any kind.

Since the patent office was established, in 1836, nearly three hundred thousand patents have been issued.

Of 270 fulminate factories started in Europe during the present century, 261 have disappeared by explosion.

A woman in Canada has been fined for persistently wheeling a baby carriage in front of a neighbor's door.

The amount of money paid for riding on railway cars in this country during 1880 aggregated $4 for each inhabitant.

Muley Hassan, emperor of Morocco, can read and write, and is the only subscriber to a newspaper in the empire.

A growing crop of potatoes, covering several acres, at North Sterling, Conn., was lately destroyed by lightning.

A Serbian penman is credited with having "managed to crowd 330 Serbian words on the surface of a grain of wheat."

A white woman carried her dead child, wrapped up in a sheet, into Athens, Ga., in order to get its measure for a coffin.

A new religious body has lately come to light in Crimea. One of the creeds of its members is to kill all those who differ with them.

An engraver at Versailles, whose name is not given, is said to affirm that he has discovered a method for taking photographs in colors.

The fanatics who maintain the descent of Englishmen from the lost ten tribes, are having a public debate on the question in England.

A Newport belle is credited with wearing 52 bangles on one of her bracelets. They are almade of gold coin, and worth from $1 to $20 each.

There is a suggestion of the introduction of camels into England as beasts of burden, their use having proved very satisfactory in Australia.

The English language is not studied in France, on the assumption that the French vernacular is destined to become the universal tongue.

In Japan every newspaper employs a man whose sole occupation is to go to prison whenever a court orders that punishment for an editor.

Michigan apparently is not much patronized by the circus. A horse in that state died of fright the other day on seeing an elephant for the first time.

Since the first vein of oil was struck at Titusville, this State, twenty-five years ago, there has been invested in oil-producing property not less than $400,000,000.

Large fortunes are rare in Switzerland, and the salaries of public functionaries very modest. The President of the Confederation receives $5,000 a year, and few judges more than $1,250.

It is recalled that Handel, the composer, was a great eater. He would often order a dinner for three, and then frighten the waiters half to death by calmly eating the triple dinner himself.

A San Francisco woman is suing a man for $10,000 damages, because, on the 21st of last month he promised to marry her within "a reasonable time," and has not yet fulfilled the agreement.

Governor Hubbard, of Texas, when a boy at Macon, Ga., used to tell his schoolmates that he was going to Texas to be Governor, and they laughed at him. Since then they have laughed with him.

A man without hands was charged, in the Tombs Police Court, New York city, recently, with stealing a watch, which, according to a witness, he extracted from the victim's vest pocket with his teeth.

Girls 10 and 15 years old earn 12 cents for a day's work of 17 hours in the silk factories of Italy. But by a system of frugal co-operation they confine their daily expenses to one-half their income.

A Japanese lady who lost her favorite cat by death, had its body encased in a snow-white coffin covered with a gorgeous white silk pall, and followed it, with a procession of female mourners, to a grave prepared for it.

Hygienic pillows are now in vogue. Three form a full equipment for a bed, of which one is filled with hops, a second with pine needles, and a third with marine moss. They are believed to cure sleeplessness and nervous disorders.

A tradesman in Somersetshire, England, who is a large dealer in China and earthenware, and also keeps a posting establishment, has just announced as a bait that he will supply all young persons beginning in life who will purchase goods of over $15 value, a carriage and pair of grays free for their wedding.

For Love Alone.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

OF course," said Mrs. Dorrance, "we must have a new Brussels carpet for the guest-chamber, since Fanny Pynhurst is coming. The old one is positively not fit to be seen. And Swiss muslin draperies for the windows with fluted ruffles—and a dressing-case with a mirror back."

"Anything else?" demanded Mr. Dorrance, with a sarcastic elevation of his brows.

"That's all I think of now," said Mrs. Dorrance.

"You see, dear, Fanny Pynhurst is an heiress—six thousand a year, Dorrance, in her own right.

"And I shall invite Florian here, for the time of her visit. Such a chance as this my dear, don't often occur.

"Its a very nice concatenation of events," added the complacent matron, playing with the gold tassel of her watch-chain.

"I happened to see, in the papers, the arrival of Miss Pynhurst and her uncle at Pontrix Hotel, and recognize in 'Miss Pynhurst, of Pynhurst Place,' the Fanny Pynhurst who used to be my school-fellow at Mrs. Ripley's seminary.

"And I remembered how attached dear Fanny was to me in the old time. Isn't it lucky, Dorrance, that we took this cottage for the summer?

"Fanny Pynhurst can't help falling in love with dear Florian, in such a picturesque wilderness as this."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Dorrance, who was nearly bored out of his life in the absence of city interests and occupation.

"So I'll write to Florian at once," said Mrs. Dorrance, drawing her rosewood desk towards her, and examining the point of her gold pen.

And thus it came to pass that Florian Field, in the luxuriant surroundings of his favorite club rooms, became conscious that his sister had formed plans for his benefit.

"Why can't these women let one alone?" grumbled Mr. Field, stroking down his magnificent auburn moustache; "though of course an heiress wouldn't be such a bad idea, if she wasn't absolutely hump-backed. I wonder what her name is? I wonder where she comes from? Just as likely as not she's a regular Gorgon. However, I suppose Clara won't be satisfied unless I go and play the docile brother—and Clara has been very good about helping to settle some of those small bills of mine."

So Mr. Field packed his portmanteau and set out for the station.

"Halloo, Field!" cried a burly, grey-whiskered gentleman, as he entered the iron and crystal station, where the traveling world most do congregate. "Going up the line?"

Florian nodded.

"As far as Sweetville" asked the gentleman, taking him by the arm.

"Yes."

"Just the fellow I want to see," said Mr. Warland. "A young friend of mine is going, and I am prevented at the last moment from escorting her by a telegram summoning me in another direction. But I shall be perfectly satisfied to put her under your care."

Florian Field winced a little.

He had been contemplating a cozy ride in the smoking-carriage in the companionship of a cigar and the last new novel, and here he was detailed to play the unwilling cavalier to a young person who was a perfect stranger to him.

But Florian had too many of the instincts of a gentleman to back out of the dilemma.

"I shall be very happy, I am sure," said he rather ruefully.

And Mr. Warland led him up to a young lady in irreproachable traveling costume, who sat near the door of the waiting-room, and introduced him.

"Field! What a pretty name," thought the young lady in grey silk. "And how handsome he is."

"Pynhurst! What a very unusual surname," passed through the gentleman's mind.

"And she's not at all bad-looking either. Perhaps, on the whole, she'll be better company than the novel would have been."

And Mr. Field and Miss Pynhurst became excellently well acquainted before they had sat on the same seat in the carriage for an hour.

"I'm going to visit a dear school friend," said Fanny, "in Sweetville."

"No!" cried Field. Are you? Why, so am I going to Sweetvill."

"Is it a nice there?" said Fanny.

"Delicious," answered Florian.

So they chatted on, becoming more and more pleasurably intimate as the train sped on.

They soon seemed to each other quite old acquaintances.

"Shall I tell you a secret?" said Florian, merrily, as he folded the end of her traveling shawl closer around his fair companion.

"Do," said Fanny, laughing.

"I'm going to Sweetville to be presented to my future bride."

"Presented!" echoed Fanny. "Do you mean to tell me seriously that you never have seen her?"

"Never."

"But how do you know you'll like her?"

"How do I know she will like me?" gaily retorted Florian.

"I don't understand you."

"Well I will try to explain," said Florian lowering his voice to a confidential accent. "You see I've a sister that's a bit of a match-maker, and she wants to make my fortune by matrimony. So she has invited an heiress to visit her, and I am to come down to try my best to make an agreeable impression."

"But," cried Fanny, "you surely never would——"

"Marry for money?" here interposed Field. "Never."

For since he had seen dove-eyed Fanny, he felt sure that all the gold in creation had not the power to move his heart.

"But your sister?"

"She'll be disappointed enough, I dare say; but one can't expect a man to sell himself for a mere bag of gold. I'll marry for love, and love only."

And little Fanny Pynhurst looked shyly up at him from under her long eyelashes, and secretely thought what a noble hero he was.

But all this time these very heedless and inconsequent young people never thought of telling each other exactly where each was going, and when the train ran into the station, the Dorrance carriage was waiting.

"Mr. Dorrance's, if you please," said the driver, touching his gold-banded cap. "To meet Miss Pynhurst."

Fanny looked round for her escort.

He was busy sorting out her trunks from the miscellaneous heap of baggage on the platform.

"I am Miss Pynhurst," said she.

And just as she was about to enter the carriage, Florian Field made his appearance, flushed breathless.

"Where's Miss Pynhurst?"

"Here I am," said Fanny. "My friend has sent her carriage."

Florian opened his eyes wide.

"This is my sister's carriage!" said he.

"Mrs. Dorrance's?"

"Yes, Mrs. Dorrance's!"

"You—you are Mrs. Dorrance's brother?" cried out Fanny.

"And you are my sister's heiress?" echoed Florian."

Fanny Pynhurst burst out laughing.

Florian, discomfited though he was, could not but join in her mirth.

For, you perceive, the situation was so very ludicrous.

"Miss Pynhurst," said Florian, frankly, "what a fool I must have appeared to you?"

"I think you have been very kind and polite," said Fanny, earnestly.

And Mrs. Dorrance who had not expected her brother until the next day, was quite surprised when Florian led in the little heiress, with a face all rosy and smiling.

"How do you like her, Florian?" asked Mrs. Dorrance, when Fanny had gone to her room.

"She is an angel!" answered the young man, enthusiastically.

"How do you like my brother, Fanny?" queried the same fair archplotter, when Fanny reappeared, and Florian was smoking a cigar in the dining-room with his brother-in-law.

"Oh, he's splendid!" confessed Fanny laughing and coloring.

And the upshot of it was that Florian Field married the heiress after all.

But it was for love alone.

ABNORMAL HUMANITY.—A new phenomenon has lately appeared in Paris in the shape of a man with a head resembling that of a calf. The similarity is said to be wonderful. For his sake it is to be hoped that this eccentric-looking person will prove as great a financial success as his three predecessors—the Man-frog, the man with a goose's head, and the Man-dog who have all retired into private life, having made a nice little fortune. The Man-frog was first exhibited in 1866, at a French country fete. He had a stout ill-shapen body, covered with a skin like a leather bottle, and a face exactly like a frog's, large eyes, an enormous mouth, and the skin cold and clammy. He attracted a good deal of attention from the Academy of Medicine, and a delegate was deputed to make him an object of study. He went all over France; and at the end of a few years, retired to his native place, Payre in Gers.

The man with the goose's head was first shown at the Gingerbread Fair in 1872. He was twenty years of age, had round eyes, a long and flat nose, the shape and size of a goose's bill, an immensely long neck, and was without a single hair on his head. He only wanted feathers to make him complete. The effect of his interminably long neck twisting about was extremely ludicrous, and was so much appreciated, that his receipts were very large. He now passes under his proper name of Jean Roudier, and is established at Dijon as a photographer. He is married; and, thanks to enormously high collars and a wig, is now tolerably presentable.

The Man-dog came from Russia, and was for a long time exhibited in Paris. He is now settled at Pesth, having established a bird-fancier's business there, which is decidedly flourishing.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

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And fiery youth, yea, old age on the fence
'Twixt either world, the knockers love to spy.
But there's one boxer ready to lay out
Whoe'er may be the champion of the land—
Great Sullivan, or any man as stout,
That e'er banged snouts or helpless bag of sand.
When told his boast was all an airy dream,
And that the glory of the fighter's stake
Was not for him, unless he had a scheme
To give his friends a chance to hold his "wake,"
He answers: "In my line no matter who,
Be he a giant or jawbreaker stout,
With ease I'll 'box' him, and I'll beat him, too—
For I'm an undertaker, and can 'lay him out.'"

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Drawing materials—Mustard and water.

An unpleasant sort of arithmetic.—Division among families.

A father in this city makes his baby sleep with the nurse three-quarters of a mile off. It must be the second one.

"Woman has twice the nerve of man!" shouts a female orator. We don't know about that. Women seldom marry women.

"The greatest pleasure wealth can afford is that of doing good." Alas! some wealthy people have but very little pleasure, after all.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

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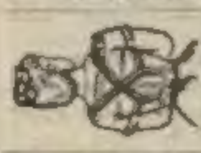

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Facetiæ.

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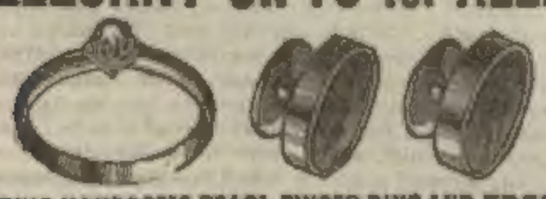

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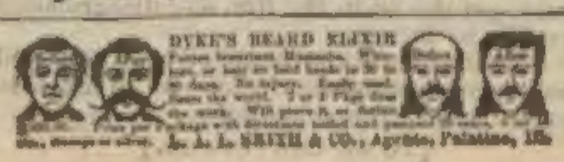

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

A FRENCH modiste of the time of Marie Antoinette, who in her day made and unmade the fashions of the capital and was a very high celebrity indeed, though now her name has dropped into oblivion, once formulated a happy axiom. She said: "Nothing is so very new as that which is very old."

This is as new to-day as it was then.

Bayadere stripes, changeable goods, round waists, kickers, surplice plaits, low heels, skirts expanding in growing fulness, suggestions of crinoline, poplins adorned with yak laces, mohairs trimmed with ribbon velvet—such are the old-fashioned things of which, one by one, the creators of the "new" styles are daily offering us rechauffes.

Nor can they help themselves. They must go to some old quarry not worked for long for fresh material, only they have really not gone to a good one this time.

The quarry which yielded the stuffs and styles that adorned the feminine person thirty and fifty years ago was a very worthless one, so far as artistic merit is concerned.

However, both the stuffs and styles are being much more happily manipulated than in those days.

Indeed, being conscious that in themselves they are graceless enough, the best manipulators proceed to treat them with especial care and delicacy.

In the matter of the round waist, for instance.

It is not an objectionable expression of dress, certainly. But the veto of age is tacitly against it. The long list of feminine costumes as they follow each other through succeeding epochs shows many long corset-like bodices, and, in direct contrast, the conforming line comes below the bust, with long contours of drapery sweeping from thence to the foot.

But the dividing line in the middle of the body, such as the round waist establishes, this is rare comparatively.

It flourished in the middle years of this present century; and, as said before, that was a very inartistic era.

Now, the French makers of styles have been charged, with very good reason, of total disregard to artistic effects as a rule. But nothing French could ever be accused of leaning toward the untidy or the slovenly.

And the experience of this past summer has proved very amply that the round waist used by every one, with every sort of skirts, and made out of all manner of stuff, is slouchy and slatternly in the extreme.

The yoke waist, the all-round touched skirt and the stringy sash have brought this style so in disrepute that many fastidious women could not be brought to look at it.

Now in France this result has been in a measure guarded against. It is better understood there that only remarkably well made dresses of appropriate material, and with particularly carefully draped skirts, should have anything that can so soon degenerate into commonness, as the round waist employed in their composition

This wholesale use of the round waist is deprecated. It does not suit every figure. It is hideous on a form one whit too fat or too lean.

It is only pretty when it sits easily and yet smoothly over a form both slim and plump at once.

There are, besides, so many other styles of bodice from which a woman can choose.

There is the polonaise, variously draped; there are jackets with vests in profusion; there is the basque with peaked front and different plastron arrangements; and there is also a new and very stylish form of basque which scarcely deserves that name, so extremely short is it below the waist line.

One form of this basque measures four inches from the waist to the end of the point in front, one inch and a half only over the hips and six inches in the back, where there are two little sharp points, stiffly boned and lined.

A little bias puff just shows beyond the edge of the bodice as it curves over the hip and emphasizes the peak in front.

A plastron of loose plaits, narrow above the waist and narrowing at the bust line to curve in again a little near the neck, trims the front.

This plastron is outlined with a border of narrow gold lace, for example, or rich ecru embroidery, worked with colored threads, as may best suit the material and style of the dress.

The model is excessively pretty for silks, satins, velvets or veilings.

Of the many different specimens of the genus jacket, none is more fashionable abroad at the present moment than that which has a close-fitting back, and loose fronts that fall completely open over either a snug, plain, vest-like bodice, or over a second sort of jacket-bodice opening in its turn to reveal a full chemisette of ecru net or figured lace that is tucked in at the waist under a broad belt, often slightly pointed in girdle fashion.

There is something very graceful and taking about these loose-fronted jackets, though they have rather a negligé air which makes them more appropriate for country than for town wear.

They are made of cloth or of velvet or velveting, and chiefly in dark colors—dark Neapolitan blue, seal, Russian green—except when one of the many gray or grayish brown and beige hues is chosen.

For the autumn months they will prove a most useful addition to a walking-dress made in such way that the outside appendage can be dispensed with on the mild days.

As to the second jacket-bodice spoken of, the fronts of which slope away from the fancy clasp securing them at the throat to reveal the lace or tulle or mull chemisette, it is delightful enough to deserve a great deal of popularity for indoor wear during the coming winter.

The belt which confines the chemisette at the waist should be of velvet, and the effect is best when the costume offers a combination of two colors.

This arrangement of waist has been favored by leading French houses for very elegant toilets of ceremony as well as for simpler house dresses.

It seems to be particularly suitable for toilets of satin or "faille Francaise," and velvet, intended—with bonnet to match—for weddings, afternoon garden parties and similar occasions. And, indeed, we know of one case where a costume of beige faille and Russian green velvet comprising these features has been sent to fashionable Lenox, to be worn by a young married lady there.

The skirt is plain and of one of the new striped fabrics, inch-wide stripes of opera velvet, with a silver thread interwoven, showing upon a "fond" of beige silk.

The overdress is of the plain faille and forms quite a sharp point right in the front, while it is carried up very high on both hips.

Up the front of this tunic, fastening it down, are set three large bows of green velvet, the broad ribbon edged with narrow silver braid run upon the edge.

Behind is a short, plain "pouf," draped with square ends.

The jacket bodice is of the faille, with points of open velvet ribbon outlined with silver braid, set up the fronts an inch apart.

A silver clasp, in imitation of antique coins, closes it at the throat, and the chemisette of ecru figured net is drawn in under a narrow pointed peasant girdle of velvet, with an outlining of silver braid; cuffs and collar of green velvet, finished in the same way.

This charming costume is fitly completed by a bonnet with a brim pointed sharply up in the front, in the style called in Paris "tete de Linotte" two or three years ago, and very fashionable at that time there as well as here. It has been revived for this autumn with some modifications.

On the bonnet in question the brim is of green velvet, to match the trimmings of the costume, and this velvet is plaited into great double flutings.

The crown is of silver tulle embossed with tiny green velvet leaves; between brim and crown runs a wreath of clustering loops of "coquelicot" red velvet, and on both sides, against the same, are set sprays of silver wheat that bristle upward into a point in the middle, surmounting the point in the bonnet itself.

Among other models of jackets, and this is very suitable for an autumn walking-dress of cheviot, mohair or serge—is one with fronts hooked straight to below the line of the bust and then sloping off very gradually over a vest of white or buff pique, or of the material itself.

Fireside Chat.

HERBS AND FLOWERS.

ONCE upon a time medical science in this country was enshrouded in mystery. Its secrets none save its votaries were permitted to fathom.

Betwixt the laboratory of the leech and the eyes of the general public a dark curtain was hung that nobody dared to lift.

But all this is altered now, and the sunshine of common sense is permitted to permeate even the dusty panes of the drug shop.

We still write our prescriptions in Latin, it is true, and make use of long-tailed R's, M's on stilts, and snaky Z's, to represent quantities; but this only to save time, and a doctor of the present day would just as soon tell his patient the life-history and the qualities and virtues of every ingredient in pill or potion as not.

And, indeed, there is a great deal about the science of medicine, and about the simpler remedies used to combat diseases, that it would be good for even the youngest of our readers to know something about. The time is coming, I have no doubt, when these things will be taught in schools—not dished up to pupils in a hateful, hard-worded, dry-as-dust style, but in a manner at once pleasant and interesting to the mind, and far less onerous to the memory than either geography or historical dates.

But until this times arrives your Medicus means, if spared, to go on from time to time communicating to you such little items of instruction on matters concerning health as may be easily remembered, and probably of good service in time of need.

When he is no longer required, he will quietly retire into private life, and his old age will be cheered by the recollection that he has made two blades of grass grow where only one flourished before.

Now I happen to know where there is a great old-fashioned kitchen garden, in which everything seems to grow with the exception of weeds.

The beds are filled with a profusion of useful vegetables that would delight the heart of a French cook, while it caused his mouth to water.

It is a lovely morning in July; clusters of white and mauve flowers depend from the potato haulm; blossoms hang on the giant runner beans like bunches of coral, crimson and white; here are hedges of sturdy-limbed, broad-leaved artichokes rows on rows of wondrous peas, and rows of raspberry canes all belled over with yellow and crimson fruit, to say nothing of the strawberry beds, quite a show in themselves.

And all round the borders are flowers of every hue, trailing roses and standards and gooseberry trees, whose too great wealth of fruit is bearing their branches downwards to the brown earth.

Will you take a stroll with me round the walks? We need not hurry. I shall place no embargo on you. Cull the flowers and gather fruit you may *ad libitum*, only listen while I tell you something about the nature and virtues of a few of the herbs and plants that find a home in this garden wide and wild.

There, I knew you could not pass those beautiful rosebuds, their petals still moist with the morning dew.

The flower-leaves of the cabbage roses are used for several purposes in medicine, one of which is the manufacture of rose-water.

This is made by adding ten pounds of the fresh petals to two gallons of water, and then distilling a gallon off. The rosewater thus manufactured has a delicious odor and some slight astringent qualities.

Six ounces of it with twenty grains of powdered alum dissolved therein makes a very pleasant gargle for a sore throat, relaxation of the uvula, or abrasions about the mouth and gums.

The distillation of flower waters I have not space in this paper to go into, but may state that it is a much more simple art than one might imagine—that is, on a small scale.

It is very pretty and useful employment, and may form the subject of a future paper.

The attar of roses—probably the most delightful of all perfumes—is obtained from the petals of the damask rose or the musk rose.

In the provinces of the Balkan there are large districts of country in which rose-growing for the manufacture of attar forms quite a branch of industry.

There is a rose powder sold in the shops as a dentifrice, and a pleasant and good one it is; but there is also a rose cosmetic for the face, which, harmless enough though it may sometimes be, is nevertheless often adulterated with most deleterious ingredients, that cannot be otherwise than destructive to the health of the skin. Beware of it. Rose leaves will impart their perfume to oil.

If it is wished to make rose oil, two precautions must be taken, to commence with; the first is to get the purest olive oil, and the second to cull the roses when they are fully out in bloom, and their leaves curling backwards. They are to be put in a deep basin and covered with the oil made warm, then beaten or switched frequently for half an hour or an hour at a time, until it is found that the desired result has been obtained. Then the oil may be strained off. Rose leaves dried and sprinkled with a little salt will retain their perfume for quite a long time.

Here is a recipe for a pleasant acid drink. Cull about half an ounce or more of rose leaves, and place in an earthenware jug with an ounce of white sugar and two or three tablespoonfuls of purest white vinegar; pour over all a pint and a half of boiling water, and cover up for an hour.

The sweet-scented herb with its long green leaves growing low down in the corner yonder is rosemary.

From its flowering tops oil of rosemary is distilled, one dram (sixty drops) of which added to fifty drams of spirits of wine makes the spirit of rosemary of the shops.

But a simple decoction of the flowers, a handful to a pint of boiling water, will make a useful hairwash, especially if half a wineglassful of rum is added thereto.

Rosemary pomade is made by boiling freshly-gathered rosemary flower tops in lard. Doing so requires caution, or else you may get the fat in the fire, and disagreeable results to follow.

A few drops of rosemary oil may be added to the rose oil mentioned above, to increase the virtue of the preparation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence.

F. J. LAYTON.—The letters V.R. stand for "Victoria Regina," the Latin for Queen Victoria and as such stands at the head of all regal documents and proclamations.

M. L. Y.—"Yankee" is said to be derived from the way in which the Indians pronounced the name of the first settlers. The nearest they could come to English was Yingleze, this word in time becoming "Yankees."

WILLIS T. B.—We cannot possibly state at length all that is to be said against marriages between first cousins. There is no doubt, however, that ill results frequently follow, although they may not always be seen in the generation immediately succeeding.

BROWNIE.—1 Without the context it is difficult to say precisely what Archbishop Whateley meant when he wrote—"Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts on this principle is not an honest man." But probably his meaning was that to be honest only because it pays better than to be a thief is a negative rather than a positive virtue.

SENTRY.—James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, was born at Greenock, Scotland, on the 19th of January, 1736. He was married first, in 1763, to his cousin, Miss Miller; secondly, to a Miss M'Gregor, of Glasgow. Shortly after he went to Birmingham. This was in 1773. He died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, on the 25th of August, 1819, in his 84th year.

M. W.—Watery eyes may be due to so many different causes, and the eyes are such delicate parts of the human body, that we could not take the risk of giving you advice in the matter. You had better consult some good oculist, and he will then be able to discover the cause of the constant discharge from the eyes, which may be purely local or possibly constitutional.

READER.—Asphalte or asphaltum as it occurs in nature, is derived from decayed vegetable matter. The largest natural deposit of it is in the Island of Trinidad, where it forms a large lake, the asphalte from this place being used for coating ships' bottoms. In the manufacture of coal-gas, a lot of tarry matter is formed, from which naphtha, etc., is distilled, and a sort of artificial asphalte is left behind, which is used chiefly for roads. The best kinds of asphalte, or bitumen, are used for making varnishes such as patent leather is prepared with.

C. S. G.—A "Bill of Exchange" is an unconditional written order from one person to another directing the latter to pay a sum of money, named therein, to the former, or his order, or to a third person in his order, at the expiry of a given time, also named therein. The person who makes the bill is called the drawer, the one to whom it is addressed when he signs it, the acceptor. To make it valid, he must write "Accepted" across the face of the bill, adding where he will pay it, if he likes, and sign his name. If anyone is induced to add his name, and thus takes responsibility for its payment should the acceptor fail to do so, he becomes the endorser.

REVAS.—Taking shares in a public company is a matter which must be left to individual discretion, but in many cases it partakes largely of the nature of speculation, and that means risk. Of course, there are many companies which are so well established that there is scarcely any more risk in taking shares in them than in buying Government stock. These are some railway, insurance, and mercantile companies; but to advise you as to particular investments would be beyond our province. Our advice generally is to make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the nature, value, and history of any securities in which you are proposing to invest. Then judge for yourself, and ask some sensible, confidential friend if his opinion coincides with your own.

M. P.—Wedding breakfasts vary considerably according to the position in life of the bride and bridegroom and their parents. Usually the table is set as if for dinner, and should be made to look as pretty as possible with flowers and fruit. The repast often commences with soup, and then cold viands of every description follow. Wines of various kinds should be provided. The wedding cake is placed opposite the bride, and should be cut by her. As this is rather a difficult piece of business when the cake is an elaborate one and the icing is thick, it is usual for it to be lightly cut through beforehand, the bride passing her knife through the slit already made. A slice of the cake is put upon a plate, cut into small pieces, and handed round, each guest being expected to take a little.

STEWPAN.—Among the foods rich both in flesh-forming and heat-giving properties may be mentioned haricot beans, lentils, and dried peas; potatoes are heat-giving, but not flesh-forming—they need, therefore, the addition of meat or fish, both of which contain a good supply of nitrogen. Bacon is poor in nitrogen, but has 65 per cent. of fatty matter so it is good food for cold weather; butter has similar properties. Milk is a perfect food; it contains all the materials required for nutrition. Rice, maize, arrowroot, hominy, etc., contain most starch; oatmeal is highly nutritious, as there is, besides starchy matter, gluten, fat, etc. Brown bread is more nourishing than white, as the outer husk contains most gluten. Mineral matter is found in a greater or lesser degree in almost all kinds of vegetables, in the water we drink and use for making tea, etc.; and in beef there are about 78 parts water, 5 of saline matter, and 19 of nitrogen, in every 100 parts. It will thus be seen that a mixed diet is the only perfect one. Many little works may be had for a small sum, which would give you fuller information and prove very useful to you.

ROLLO.—For your own sake it will be much better to wait until you are older before deciding upon a step which once taken may be irrevocable and what may appear to be an unwise act when your judgment is more matured. At eighteen you have not seen enough of those around you to be likely to know your own mind, and any young lady of nineteen or twenty, who has powers of fascination, can throw a spell over a youth of your age, which is almost certain to be mistaken for love. That is just the period when youths aspire to be taken notice of by gentler sex, and the glamor of any new-found favor is very dazzling at first. It is impossible to say that engagements made at an early age will not last, for there are examples to show that a life's love may develop in the hearts of those quite as young as you are, but it has generally been between persons of a more equal age. The vast majority of such engagements, however, have not lasted, for those entering into them have discovered after a time that there was no real love in the case. To you we should offer the same counsel—namely, follow the advice of your parents.